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SONGS OF THE TWILIGHT
AND THE DAWN.



HENRY YATES

SONGS

OF THE

TWILIGHT AND THE DAWN.

By HENRY YATES.

[“TANSY TUFT.”]

“Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs.”
—*Shakespeare.*

BLACKBURN :

PUBLISHED BY THE BLACKBURN AND DISTRICT AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

—
1904.

TO

HENRY HARRISON, Esq., J.P.,
OF STANLEY,

PRESIDENT OF THE BLACKBURN AND DISTRICT CHAMBER OF
COMMERCE,

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF MANY KINDNESSES
AND MUCH ENCOURAGEMENT,

AND AS A TRIBUTE TO THE VALUE OF HIS WORK DONE IN THE
CAUSE OF GENERAL AND MERCANTILE EDUCATION,

AND TO HIS

UNCEASING LABOURS AND UNWEARIED WATCHFULNESS IN
THE CAUSE OF BRITISH TRADE;

AND ESPECIALLY TO HIS UNOSTENTATIOUS, YET VALUED, CARE
OF THE INTERESTS OF BOTH INSTITUTION AND PATIENTS
OF THE

BLACKBURN AND EAST LANCASHIRE INFIRMARY,
THIS VOLUME OF VERSE IS, WITH KIND PERMISSION, MOST
HEARTILY AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY HIS
OLD AND PRESENT FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
Frontispiece	v
Introduction	v
I Love but Thee	I
Philosophy	2
The Winds of Ocean	4
A Poet's Reverie	6
Only for Thee	8
June.....	10
Dost Thou Remember.....	12
An Old Letter	14
Dead Daisies	15
On the Threshold.....	17
Desire and Destiny	20
Give Me Back the Love	22
Britannia	24
Youth and Age	26
Morning	28
Under the Sycamores...	29
To King Frost	30
On Dreamland's Shore	32
St. George	34
When We Meet Again	35
Nightfall: In the Mountains	37
The Summer's Dead	38
Musings	39
John Henry Newman	41
Sabbath Bells	42
Eleanore.....	44
Victoria	46
Dead	47
To Thee, Our Father	49
Home	51
Memories	52
Watching	53
St. George and Merrie England	55
Spring is Coming.....	56
Hope	58
The Old Trysting Place	58
To My Brother Authors	60
In Memoriam	63
John Ruskin	66
By the River.....	67
To Memory	69

937364

DIALECT POEMS.

	Page
Stop at Hooam To-Neet.....	71
A New Yer's Resolution	74
Try to Understand Things.....	76
Tom's Gone Hooam.....	78
Eawr Bonny Rose.....	80
A Wreath o' Blue Smook	81
Wisdom	83
May Dew	85
Th' Nick o' Pendle	87
Mi Idols	88
Cuckoo	90
Up Among th' Hills.....	92
I' Bonny June	93
Owd Dan	94
If Aw'd Mi Way	96
It's Allus Sunny Somewheer.....	98
Aw'm Growin' Owd.....	100
Gi'e Me a Frolic	101
Sing at Yo'r Werk	103
Love Rules.....	104
The Land o' Saint George	106
Th' Owd Heawsehowd Gods	107
A Grand Time o' th' Yer.....	109
Owd Simon	110
Things o' Come Reet i' th' End	112
Hooam's Best	114
Wassail	115
It's Wod We Mek Do	116
Friendship	118
Autumn	119
Three Wishes	120
Mollie	122
Th' Owd Knocker-up	124
Cupid's Darts	125
Maytime.....	126
Owd Peter.....	128
Allus Do Thi Best.....	130
Pleasant Thowts	131
Ceawnt Fifty	133
Hooam Ageon	134
A Lancashire Mon	135

INTRODUCTION.



AD it not been for the encouragement of many friends, and particularly the President and Members of the Blackburn and District Authors' Society; and also of the patronage kindly extended to the author by the Members of the Blackburn Branch of the Royal Society of St. George, this modest volume of selected poems and songs, partly in English, and partly in the dialect of the district, would probably never have seen the light.

Having consented to the venture of its publication, under the auspices of the Blackburn and District Authors' Society, the author himself claims no special merit for the contents of the volume beyond saying that his desire has been to appeal more to the hearts of the general public than to the heads of scholars and critics, who, were they in ignorance of the fact that he had spent the greater part of his life in the close atmosphere of a cotton factory, and thus been debarred from the facilities for study which are the lot of people more favourably circumstanced, might extend to him little mercy on account of his lack of culture.

The author, also, must plead that the critically-disposed may exercise a forbearance, if, in their casual glances into the contents of the volume, they should dis-

cover his proneness for dwelling upon the retrospect, because these lingering looks upon the past have been a real sweetness to him, the memory of which has done much to make his lot endurable whilst patiently labouring in surroundings which lacked much to make them lovable, and which contrast so much with the natural environments of his early youth, and the memory of many bright days among moorland scenery.

It has been suggested by some that efforts should be put forth to discourage the spoken and written Dialects of the Counties, but the author is not of those, because he thinks that many of the finer emotions are capable of being expressed in such dialects, especially in the dialect of the County Palatine. This is the main reason why, by strong request, he has devoted a portion of the volume to dialectical expression, and if it be read with only a modicum of the pleasure it gave the author to write it, he will feel amply repaid.

It is a generation since some of the poems contained herein first saw the light of newspaper print, and others are the verses from a weekly column which the author contributed for some years to a journal under the pen name of "TANSY TUFT." Other lyrics have been set to music, and have had a more than local kindly reception —a reception which the author hopes may be extended to the book itself.

Blackburn, September, 1904.

SONGS OF THE TWILIGHT AND THE DAWN.

I LOVE BUT THEE.

(Music by Geo. Barton).

When Spring flies o'er with laughing eyes,
And scatters roses o'er the earth,
And in her train brings balmy skies,
With new and universal birth ;
Then shall my thoughts like glinting streams,
On which the sun with new warmth beams,
Go forth in freedom, O, so free,
A-loving thee, a-loving thee !

And in the heat of Summer's noon,
When every leaf is hushed and still ;
And waiting for the coming soon
Of harvest toilers up the hill ;
No thought shall stir my sincere breast,
But her who gives my soul deep rest,
And thus my song shall ever be—
I love but thee, I love but thee !

When Autumn comes and flowers fade,
And meadows lose their em'rald hues ;
When dirges wail o'er ev'ry glade,
With soughings and with sad adieus ;
Then shall my love be firm and strong ;
Then shall the welkin ring with song ;
And, O, it's burthen still shall be—
I love but thee, I love but thee.

And when old Winter roughly brings
The snow upon the steep hill's side ;
Or where the fairies made their rings,
In valleys where the rivers glide,
I'll wait beneath the mistletoe
For her who set my heart aglow ;
And so a slave I'll ever be,
In loving thee, in loving thee !

PHILOSOPHY.

Be wise, and learn
To be still wiser in thine own great sphere ;
Only the worthy earn
A worthy name, and deep contentment here :
He is not wise who covets wisdom's rod ;
The greater problems are reserved for God.

He is not wise who talks,
Or mystifies himself in maze of thought ;
Only the man who walks
Where duty calls him to where deeds are wrought,
The fire burns on where fire is needed then—
The crucible of Nature shows her men.

Nor ingots in a finely-balanced scale,
With pompous lord and cross-bred charioteer—
To advertise the station, will avail
To blind the world from purpose set and clear.
All scales are false, if Justice hold them not ;
Ingots sometimes are golden—sometimes not.

The sway of worlds, held sacred to a few
Who count their wisdom as of great import,
May not allure where faith is sound and true ;
That which to them seems great, to me seems sport :
There is a system and a fixéd plan—
To show where God is, and where man is man.

To delve into the mysteries of Him,
And find one portion with an instrument,
Will only serve to make the eyes more dim—
More callous to the great Omnipotent :
If every pulse a million years could beat,
The wisdom of this world would but retreat.

So great His kingdom, and so little man—
So great His universe and system still—
I ween man's blessings little else than ban,
And count as fickle man's most stable will.
Only the faith that leads one to the Cross
Is worth the holding—other things are dross.

To be a hero for an hour or two,
Where time flies on appallingly in speed,
Seems paltry, when the goal I have in view
Burns brightly on and 'suages every need.
To feel myself content in hope and trust,
I feel myself uplifted from the dust.

Let my poor share be anything to own
In this world's blessings; let me pray and find
The erring one not wholly guilty shown—
The struggling one with mastery of mind ;
The bold made humble, and the humblest blest—
Philosophy includes not all the rest.

THE WINDS OF OCEAN.

You ask me for the winds I love,
When speeding o'er the sea,
Ten thousand leagues away from home,—
So far away from thee ?

When parting, 'tis the wind that blows
From thine own blessed isle—
That bears to me thy evening pray'r,
Or morning's matchless smile :
But when, with eastern loveliness
My eyes are tired and dim,
On tropic seas I fain would hear
Thy sweet old evening hymn.

'Tis then no more I'd roam across the wasting foam,
For the wind I love at such a time is that which bears
me home !

I've sailed thro' sunlit, pathless ways,
And seen the sun go down
In splendour that eclipsed awhile
Old Orient's renown !
I have dallied with the kisses
Softest Zephyrs fondly gave,
To wasted cheeks, or fever'd brow,
When exil'd on the wave :
But when rough gales have fill'd the sails,
And blown me back and forth,
My old desire hath fann'd the fire
Of love in the old bleak North !
Ah ! There 'tis where I'd roam, back o'er the foreign
foam,

With a fresh wind's start to my old sweetheart, and the shrine of my boyhood's home.

So rest thee, love, for the winds I love,
Wherever I may be,
Are the winds which blow from where thou art,
Or take me back to thee :
From the frozen shores, or sunny isles,
I'll ne'er despise a wind
That whispers of thy cherish'd name,
Or a heart so true and kind.
In shine or rain, or hurricane,
Love's cup shall have it's fill :
On sea or shore, till life be o'er,
When the winds their last shall thrill,
I will sing as I roam o'er the racing foam,
And my song shall be of my love for thee when the wind blows hard for home !

A POET'S REVERIE.

Calmly I sit within a shade of bliss,
The music of blest voices coming thro'
The glorious intertwining of the leaves,
As only children's and bird's songs can do ;

And I am happy there is still some joy,—

 And I am happy there is yet a theme—
A link to bind the poet to the child,

 Making our world so like a fairy dream.

Now looking back thro' mists of many years,

 I hear the anthem, and the organ swells ;
While o'er the brook and up the old stile-path
 Comes the faint melody of distant bells.

I see the homestead and the quaint old church,
 And the old valley where the waters wind—
A fiery sunset settling over all,
 Then a soft flood of amber light behind.

What if the heart's emotions have been spurned ?

 What if the tears have fallen very fast ?
The embers of dead loves are blown away,
 The fires are quenched, and there is peace at last.
An hour of weeping and the time goes by,
 And man his one life's lesson humbly learns ;
The while there cometh on the wings of time
 The golden age for which the spirit yearns.

Patiently sitting in my calm retreat,

 I turn me to the rising of the sun ;
Watching and waiting the approaching hour,
 When the last sand in life's glass shall be run.

So let me linger, hopefully and true,
For while sweet spirits beckon o'er the tide,
The future hath no terrors for the bard ;
For Hope is mine, and Hope is glorified !

ONLY FOR THEE.

Only for thee, when life was young,
Did I, when dark clouds crossed my path,
So fiercely battle with my wrath,
And write for thee my first brief song.

That song, though commonplace and coy,
Will aye remain ornate and grand,
And through my life go hand in hand
With that which doth not brook alloy.

Only for thee, in Spring-time, too,—
That thou wert happy in its birth,
My soul leaped high in joyous mirth,
As blue-eyed summer came in view.

The memories of all those Springs,—
The balm upon my heart and thine,
Will bring us rest at last divine,
Away from evanescent things.

Only for thee, in Summer's noon,
When Nature in her pulseless rest,
And all within her bounds seem'd blest,
Did I demur, so great the boon.

Thine influence is pure as aye,
The Summer sun, just as of old,
Gilds Nature with her shimmering gold,
In Flowers' great resurrection day.

Only for thee, when all the flowers
Lay drooping on their slender stems,—
In Autumn's time like fragile gems,—
I wept to see thy ruined bowers.

Those bowers are sending forth to-day
Their crocus buds and daffodils ;
Just as of old the robin trills,
As if thou wert not far away.

Only for thee, in Winter's frost,
On Hope's, fair castellated steep,
I gazed, and saw a world asleep,
And thee to earth for ever lost.

The sereness of that hoary time,
Hath left its impress on my heart
And day by day I feel the smart,
As if to love thee were a crime.

O, memory of an age of bliss !

O, hope that lent its blessed hues !

O, life whose frailty still pursues
The long-ago, and lives in this !

Once more for thee I turn my face,

From darkness to the light of life ;

And gather from this weary strife,
That Morning cometh on apace !

For thee, to the remotest day,

My song will praise, my prayer shall be ;

Until this throbbing spirit free,

Shall find thee near or far away.

The calm thou knowest I shall feel,—

The rest vouchsafed to thee I know,

Will pass in time to me ; and so

My prayer is answered while I kneel.

J U N E .

O, wedded June !

What hearts in tune

Under thy scented mantle lie !

What poets made

'Neath thy green shade ;

Born just for thee, and then to die !

O, June, so rare,
Thy bosom fair,
Makes old men young, and young men old ;
And each, of course,
Shouts 'till he's hoarse—
“ Awake ! The earth is turned to gold ! ”

O, June, so blest !
O, June, carest
By suns, and stars, and flowers so sweet ;
Why live to-day,
Then fade away,
Leaving such fragrance at our feet ?

O, June of sighs,
What passion lies
Under thy pulseless, ardent heat !
Thy Cupid-wounds
The world astounds,
Tho' glad thy coming still to greet.

O, June, so brief,
Man's fond belief
That everything is good and great
Is born of thee--
Why dost thou flee ?
Art thou not proud of thine estate ?

O, June, to thee
Our prayer shall be,—
That thou our hearts wilt aye attune.
The stamp of God
Is on thy sod,
O, roseate month! O, lovely June!

DOST THOU REMEMBER?

Dost thou remember life's spring tide,

Far in the past, awhile ago?

And how, upon the mountain side,

We sat and watched the river flow,
Glittering beneath the sunset's glow?

Dost thou remember—

Dost thou remember this?

'Twas not a dream, no, not a dream;

Tho' sometimes now it mingles there
When sleep unfolds some fairy theme,

We spoke of, yet could never share—

The lofty castles built in air—

Dost thou remember—

Dost thou remember this?

And thou wert happy, wert thou not,

Save when a childish tear or two

Stole down thy cheeks, yet half forgot
Their cause ere thou didst smile anew ?
Yes, thou wert happy, but untrue.
Dost thou remember—
Dost thou remember this ?

Frown not, I have no wish to chide
Thee, nor the memories that cling
To periods that failed to hide
My passion for a fickle thing :
I gave thee a betrothal ring—
Dost thou remember—
Dost thou remember this ?

E'en now before me at this hour,
Things which thy love had dared to bring
Are strewn about : a faded flower,
Culled by thine hand in early Spring ;
And trinkets tied with silken string.
Dost thou remember—
Dost thou remember this ?

'Tis long since then, and now I look
Upon the whole as but a sea
Of old—old dramas in a nook
Of Time's theatre, played by thee ;
With scenes of life that ne'er could be—
Dost thou remember—
Dost thou remember this ?

Well, well, 'twas but a part of life—

On life's sun-dial plate a spot;

Soon it will blend with all the strife

Of other things, and then the blot

Will fade away and be forgot.

Then who'll remember—

Who will remember this ?

AN OLD LETTER.

Faded and crumpled, brown and grey,

It lies 'neath my fixéd gaze ;

Like a faded flow'r in an old-time book,

Speaking of other days :

And my eyes wax dim as I dream to-day

Of the church chimes, rich and low ;

And the peace that seemed to bless our lives

In the restful long ago.

Ah ! The bells have rung both high and low,

Since then a thousand times,

But never with such a soothing ring—

Never with sweeter chimes !

Yet this old letter in faded ink

Breaks open the magic bars,

And I see once more a saintly face

As I look up to the stars !

And the church bells ring as we heard them ring,
Where the wild thyme throws its seed,
And the Anthem-strains from the dim old aisles
Come floating o'er the mead ;
The harvest moon looks down once more
On my youth's arcadian scene,
Where a garland of Forget-me-Nots
Adorns the village queen.

I feel, as I touch again this page,
That my life is made more sweet ;
I know, too, that forty years are bridged—
That childhood and manhood meet,—
That my heart, thro' the soreness of every day,
Beats time to the old refrain ;
And the music of those far-off days
Will be echoed o'er again !

DEAD DAISIES.

Written on seeing a young lady fashion some flowers in
beautiful crewel silk.

I see them now before me lie,—
The crewel ball spins round and round ;
The last flower finished with a sigh :—
“ Dead Daisies on an Autumn ground.”

And yet I never knew the cause,
Why one so young and fair as she,
Should work so much against the laws
Of life, and its idolatry.

An artist true. Just look at this,
Its petals broken—all awry ;
Whilst this corolla perfect is,
Tho' broken in its stem close by.
To me the subject seems too sere,
With calixes and leaves around,
In faded gold and brown severe,
Dead Daises on an Autumn ground.

Perchance the gold of Summer time,
To this our artist may have been,
Like twilight in a foreign clime,
Its glory lost while yet 'tis seen ;
'Tis sad enough for one so fair,
In work so fine and filigree,
To tell us of the waning year,—
What things have been, and what they'll be.

It may be that these faded gems
Have charms which we may never guess :
Tho' withered on their fragile stems,
They may bring *someone* happiness :
Yet we with hope may be perplexed
That she, with all the wide world round,

Should take this subject for her text :—
“ Dead Daisies on an Autumn ground ! ”

Yet, after all, it may be well
To weigh and know what things will be,
When life hath lost its witching spell,
And summer all its revelry.
This artist, both severe and kind,
May teach us yet, in lessons sound,
That, after sunshine, we may find
“ Dead daisies on an Autumn ground.”

ON THE THRESHOLD :

MEDITATIONS ON A NEW YEAR.

Another year ! What pygmies are we all,
In time, our hour of sunshine living thro'.
“ A thousand years are but as yesterday.”
It seems not yet an hour since, when, a boy,
I flung my jacket, and, with heedless steps,
Chased the grand butterflies o'er bank and mead,
With ne'er a thought for morrow's tempering cares.
Ah, me ! but what a weary hour it's been !
My head hath throbbed a thousand times since then—
Feverish pulsations through my weary brain,
Avenging many a violated law,

Have left their impress too indelible.
Yet, why repine; do we not near the goal,—
The end of all our pilgrimaging here?
Have all the Summer's blessings been in vain?
Have all the Winters, with their lessons grim,
Passed o'er our lives and left no fingerposts,
Whereto steer through future treacherous times,
With least of evil to our timid minds?
When students sit in Carthage, or in Greece,
To ponder on the never-dying past,
'Tis but to note Time's progress, and to learn
Whether the world has wiser grown since then:
If musty archives, mutilated stones,
And tomes of wisdom, mildewed o'er and o'er,
Can point the way where men have won and lost,—
May not our own lives, as the years march by,
Be stepping-stones for others yet to come;
To guide them through the currents of this life,
To purer banks that rear beyond the flood?

.

Oh, SPIRIT OF THE AGES! far and near,
Are wailing cries of men in deep distress,
Nor food, nor raiment to console their cries,
Whilst waving past them in gay, giddy dance,
To cadences of soothing strains, the rich,
In world their own, heed not the lep'rous poor,

Who throw their shadows o'er the sumptuous bowers,
Which else were Paradise without this shame.
Here on the Threshold of another year,
We supplicate, and pray that men may feel
The wants of one another.—That this Isle,
Which stands amid the surging Ocean's roar,
May long endure, its mission to perform ;
Nor reel, like ancient kingdoms, and their thrones,
Which, erst magnificent, are dust to-day !

SPIRIT OF AGES, lead us on aright !

Let Albion's hosts look up to thee, and know
That tho' their tribulation may be keen—
Their lives seem curséd, and their slavish toil
Be done without its due and just reward,—
Their discontent must surely pass away,
In the glad era which comes on apace—
The golden time of human brotherhood !

And O, let Chivalry and Beauty blend
Their lofty brows, and sweet bewitching smiles,
In emulation of the wise and good,
Who gave our gifted Fatherland her sons,
Their brave renown, and daughters dowers of grace !

Thus, on the Threshold of another year
May we advance in paths of Truth and Right,
Leading the Nations. Let the faulty past
Throw its spent gleams athwart our future way,

That our brave mission may its ending have,
The good of every one in its embrace.
So, to our work ! Fair Albion's time will come,
When she among the AGES' dust will be,
And who'll survive ? Shall we who toil and spin,
And sow broadcast upon the world our fruits
Of industry, at length grow dim with age—
Sink to a state of sloth—let others know
That *we* have passed the one meridian, too,
Like classic nations in their fruitful time ?
Not so, grey-bearded chronicler ; the best
Surviveth to the very verge of time :
Our arms are brawny with their wonted tasks,—
Our tasks demand fulfilment ere the sun
Sinks down to rise no more on Hist'ry's page.
So let us welcome all the epochs in,
For Time's old cycle bringeth but the hour
When work and thought will rest for evermore.

DESIRE AND DESTINY.

A warrior wished for the tented fields,
And the morning's coming fray ;
With no thought of sin, if he might but win,
In the ruin and crime and the mighty din
Of battle, a star that day.

And his wish came home in the by and bye,
And he rode in the tented fields ;
But not *from* the fray and the blood that day,
For he fought with Death, and, when Death holds sway,
Man fights, but he always yields.

A statesman sat in his easy chair ;
'Twas uneasy, I ween, for him ;
And he penned a despatch in the midnight watch,
Which should Liberty stifle—rebellion hatch ;
Whilst the people looked starved and grim.

The despatch bore fruit in the by and bye,
And Liberty's knell was rung ;
But the people awoke ere the morning broke,
For they heard the knell, and they felt its yoke,
And they changed its knell to a song !

A Maestro longed for a golden lyre,
That should music make, and sweet ;
Whose every sound, thro' the centuries round,
Should a pilgrim make, and at last be found,
Heard at Jehovah's feet !

But the Maestro changed each lyre he touched,
For their notes were of ill accord ;
And he laid the last by with despairing sigh,
Till a vision told him his aim, tho' high,
Should be crowned with its due reward.

A poet sang of eternal Spring,
And wished for no grim decay,
Such as Autumn brings on her fateful wings,
But a world whose freshness should leave no stings—
A world of perpetual day !

And the poet kept singing, and never tired,
As he looked to the rising sun ;
And he lightened the goad of many a load,
Which the people bore as thro' life they strode,
Till his noble work was done.

And Peace comes, winding her holy way,
With Liberty at her side,
Joining the throng in triumphant song,
With the Maestro's music to keep them strong,
And Poesy for her guide !

GIVE ME BACK THE LOVE.

(*Music by Geo. Barton*).

Give me back the love I gave thee,
In the old and happy time,
As we sat in early morning,
Listening to the Sabbath's chime ;
Ere our young hearts knew a sorrow,
And our lives had grown so cold :

When we welcomed every morrow,
With its rosy flush of gold.

Give me back the love I gave thee,
When that love was mine to give ;
When the hope of my existence
Was to win thy love and live—
When no falsehood marred our day dreams,
And the future shone so bright—
Like a fairy-land of fiction,
Like a garden of delight !

Give me back the love I gave thee,
Poor and slighted though it be ;
It was all my heart could offer,
But I gave it all to thee—
And I gave it fondly trusting
In the purity I saw,
Of thy young heart's deep devotion,
In the misty long ago.

Give me back the love I gave thee,
Though it may not bring back youth,
It may call back youth's fair morrow,
With its promise and its truth.
It may call back, too, the summer,
When we roamed in meadows green,
And I crown'd thee with wild flowers,
And enthroned thee as my queen.

Give me back the love I gave thee—
It is useless now to thee ;
Thou hast outlived all the mem'ries
Of thy false vow and of me;
And to me the past is dreary
As the darkness of the grave,
And I sorrow e'en while singing—
Give me back the love I gave.

BRITANNIA.

(Written in the later days of Queen Victoria's reign).

They chided us for growing old,
Nor thought we bred a race of men
From Viking Kings and warriors bold,
Who's home was sea, lagoon, or fen :
They say decay sets in where'er
Large Empire throws its darkening shade ;
Yet wonder that we do and dare,
To keep the name our fathers made !

Our land is old, but still her sons,
Well taught in lore of Kings and Queens,
Throw fear away ; their well-served guns
And stout hearts show what freedom means.

The English watchfires still shall blaze,
And Caledonia's hills keep guard ;
The Irish harp shall thrill with praise,
For men who fight, and die so hard !
The Cymric vales shall temples be,
Whose lamps, while foemen totter down,
Shall pierce thro' all obscurity,
Like jewels in Britannia's crown !

Our land is old, but yet her sons,
In chivalry for best of Queens,
Come forth to man and serve Her guns,
And teach the world what freedom means !

Our laws come down from Alfred's days—
Made firm and sure at Runnymede ;
Our prowess—theme of Bardic lays,
Was born of trampled people's need :
The Empire's trust, placed in our hands—
Grand heritage, we'll safely keep,
And fear dispel from world-wide lands,
Because we watch, as well as sleep !

Our land is old, but young her sons,
Who glean from hist'ry's Kings and Queens,
That truth and right, and well-served guns,
Alone can show what freedom means !

And this our purpose, widely known,
With ships, and men, and argosies—
To guard Britannia's ancient throne
In frigid zones and tropic seas.
Stable and sure with duty done—
With giant wrongs to clear away ;
Aided by never-setting sun,
Our Empire never shall decay !

Our land is old, but all her sons
Come forth to guard the best of Queens—
To shield the Homeland with their guns,
And teach the world what freedom means !

YOUTH AND AGE.

When life was young the hours flew by,
And hope, with gilded chariot nigh,
Invited all to laugh and sing,
And ride where fair spring, blossoming,
Scatter'd her gifts with lavish hand,
O'er heathery hill and valley-land ;
And we were willing, and we were strong,
When life was young !

When life is old we look away,
At evening, to the lessening ray

That floods the west when daylight dies,
With hope's long-truant symphonies :
The whispering trees have but one tone,
To hearts deserted and alone ;
All things are dross which erst were gold,
When life is old.

When life was young, the little pool
Close by the lowly village school,
Which scarce would serve a duck to hold,
Seemed like an inland sea of old ;
And every morning's rosy look
Seem'd borrowed from a gilded book ;
Each day a life seem'd, glad and long,
When life was young !

When life is old, the vasty deep
Hath not a mystery in its keep
To give a lustre to the eyes
Which rest at eve on crimson skies.
Life's book is read, page after page,
And man needs sleep in good old age !
Heart passions warm not, all is cold
When life is old.

MORNING.

When morning's beams break from the rosy east,
The carking cares which magnify themselves
In night's dark mysteries, fly swift away,
Like exorciséd demons from the soul,
Leaving us free from retrospective gloom,
And bidding us look up once more to find
The radiance broaden with each new-born day !
Hail, glorious Morning, fraught with new resolve !
Hail to the time which gives the human heart
New lease of hope to battle with all wrong !
Like a Samaritan, with kindly hand,
Thou leadest where the flowers are fresh and fair,
Between cool banks, ere yet the heat of noon
Or burden of the day brings weariness.
Thy wand throws o'er the landscape, far and wide,
An endless, changing glory; on the hills
Thy kiss is set, like seal of honest love,
While thro' the vales with flaming sword thou driv'st
The deadly vapours from thy realm of light !
Wrinkles of age mar not thy beaming face,
But, young as when Creation's early dawn
First heard thy praise in architraves of Heaven,
Thou comest still to banish grim despair,
And bathe our thorn-lashed feet with healing dew !

UNDER THE SYCAMORES.

I sit and think of Time and thee—
Of ruthless Time's remorseless hand ;
I speak to thee in shadow-land,
But no one answers me.

The lute notes come on zephyr wings,
But where art thou, O, where art thou ?
Thou art not nigh to answer now ;
Yet thy voice charms all things.

The summer winds play overhead
Their whisp'ring æols in the trees,
And on the sunny western seas
The white sails are outspread.

Joy waits in many a cottage home,
Usurping agéd grief the while ;
The virgin dons her fairest smile,
To bid the truant come.

The good ship bears the exiled o'er,
Ere summer vanishes and dies,
And hushed are all the sobs and sighs,
And home is home once more !

But, ah ! I keep my tryst alone—
Even the choristers are gone—
The feathered singers, one by one,
Unto their mates have flown.

And shut from every kindly gleam
Of hope, so fresh at morning-tide,
I must my weary vigils bide,
And dream again my dream.

For we shall be together yet,
And this, for years of deep suspense,
Shall be our only recompense ;
Nor part when we have met.

TO KING FROST.

(Lines written whilst suffering from a broken leg, caused by the icy state of the public footpaths).

'Twas meet that thou should'st end thy spite
On one who cursed thy lordly might
Throughout his life, both day and night :
 For thou art cruel,
And thou art false, too, as the light
 Of thy best jewel.

Perhaps had I praised thy icy reign,
Or placed my neck beneath the chain
Of pond-ice, and been meekly slain—
 Or wedged between,
Or stooped to curse both sun and rain—
 This had not been.

I've been remiss—offended thee,
And thou hast spent thy spite on me—
Deprived me of my liberty
For some few weeks.

Well, well, Old King, 'tis like to be,
Thou'rt like all sneaks.

Go, get thee hence to Greenland's shore,
Where there are few to greet thy snore ;
Rehearse thy victories o'er and o'er,
Thou aged sinner,
For though thou robb'st me of a store,
I've yet a dinner.

Go, get thee gone, with thy false train
Of showy glitter and of pain ;
And, hark thee, do not come again,
Thou Northern pirate !
When I look round on all thy slain,
Thou mak'st me irate.

E'en as I write I plainly see
Thou'rt nigh to *thy* last agony ;
The crocus springeth on the lea
To mark thy stumbling ;
The rivulets, long chained by thee,
Are loudly grumbling.

Like some unmannered guest who stays
Beyond his strict invited days,
Thou lougest on, nor scorn or praise
 Can touch thy heart ;
I hate thy rude and bearish ways—
 Go home ; depart !

When thou art gone, and not before,
I'll venture out, just as of yore,
And greet the coming, blessed store,
 Of gay-hued flowers ;
And sadly, wisely, ponder o'er
 Thy evil powers.

Yet, ere thou goest forth, pell-mell !
I'll be revenged, as time will tell :
Old Sol will break thy galling spell,
 Thine ice will crack—
Thou'st broken my poor leg. Ah, well !
 He'll break thy *back* !

ON DREAMLAND'S SHORE.

On dreamland's shore I walk betimes,
 And live again those joyous days,
When thou and I, beneath the limes,
 Stood at the parting of the ways ;

I see thee still, with modest mien
And drooping head, O sweetheart mine,
As when I crowned thee Summer's queen,
With roses and with eglantine !

O, blesséd time that bring'st to me,
From out thy angel-kept retreat,
One fleeting, treasured glimpse of thee,
Tho' but in dreams we only meet ;
The fever'd hours of garish day
May hold of pain their bitter store,
But love resumes its old sweet way,
And reigns again on dreamland's shore.

No weeping, if our trysts we keep,
In realm of dream's enchanted land,
If we are free, while others sleep,
To walk together, hand in hand.
Of sever'd hearts, nor parted ways,
I will complain of nevermore,
If I but meet thee face to face,
My sweetheart still, on dreamland's shore !

ST. GEORGE.*(Music by A. Dugdale).*

Meeting around the board once more,
We bow to England's Saint,
Whose fame has reached from shore to shore,
And kept aloof from taint ;
For his name is known where infants lisp,
And where old men decay ;
And because his deeds, kept sweet and crisp,
Are fresh to the present day !

CHORUS :—

For our Saint so wise, he stifled sighs ;
He espoused the cause of the country's cries ;
On the hateful dragon he sprang surprise,
Did brave Saint George !

And we of the ilk, made sturdy men,
Feel neither fear nor shame,
In throwing the gauntlet down again,
In England's and George's name ;
No question if dragons or beasts they bar
The pathway of progress yet ;
Be sure there's this, if we go to war—
The enemy will regret !

CHORUS.

We meet in peace, and we wish for peace,
But we still bow to our Saint,
And we swear that England's cries shall cease,
To the least and feeblest plaint ;
Our mission's to guard from dragons dire
Our sea-girt little isle,
Stifling the bestial smoke and fire,
Till the world begins to smile !

CHORUS.

WHEN WE MEET AGAIN.

When we meet again, old friend,
What shall I say to thee ?—
How will thou frame thy loving lips
In what thou say'st to me ?
Shall I hold thy hand,
In the glorious land,
When we meet again ?

When we meet again, dear friend,
Will thy lyre be still in tune ?
Will it waken the echoes of the spheres,
As it did in the olden June ?
Shall our lyres make chords,
And our hearts make words,
When we meet again ?

When we meet again, tried friend,
Will it be in groves of flowers,
Such as blest our young lives many times,
In the well-remembered hours ?
Shall we pass them by,
With the old-time sigh,
When we meet again ?

When we meet again, my friend,
Will the sun-swathed purple hills
Be too steep to climb with our toil-worn feet ?
Will our frames be cold to thrills ?
Will the way be fair,
In the ambient air,
When we meet again ?

When we meet, O, friend of youth—
Will the songs of other days
Be the link to bind our souls again—
Will they form our grateful praise ?
Shall we discord hate
In our high estate,
When we meet again ?

'Twill be always spring-time there ;
When we meet we may not guess
At the poor on earth, who, stifling die,
Nor their wintry wilderness.
We shall tread through dew,

And our youth renew,
When we meet again.

And our meeting, face to face,
Assurance deep will take,
That never again, thro' ages long,
Shall we part, for His dear sake.
We shall never weep ;
We shall need no sleep,
When we meet again.

NIGHTFALL: IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A calm steals o'er the landscape, and the light
Fades slowly. One by one the stars
Come from their prison chambers to the gaze
Of earth-born creatures, rapt in wonderment.
The hazes thicken, and the soughing breaths
Of weird Æolian zephyrs kiss the cheeks
Of fever'd mortals who have given up
The wondering search for God's infinitude ;
And now the rivulets, unseen but heard,
In dells which daylight gathered to itself,
Break forth in music, soothing, soft, and sweet,
Lulling their own dear noise to dreamy sleep.
The white mists surge, invading in their march
The fastnesses and strongholds of the hills.

The dews fall like a God-sent gentle rain.
The curtain of the night is drawn across
What seen too long would make the human heart
Sigh for a sylvan home beyond the blue
That arched the scene which darkness now usurps.
The garish day is done, and in the west
The last red flash dies out and fades away.
Up from a thousand sources come the weird
Dark shadows which man constitutes the night,
And the majestic realm, with mystic spells,
Reveals to him his mocking littleness.
Now o'er Watendlath's lonely mountain tarn
The moon emerges with its ghostly light,
Silvering the sides of lofty Scafell's pike,
And throwing Maiden Maur in darker gloom,
Till, streaming down the vale of Borrowdale,
It lights Lodore and all the Newlands round,
Settling like burnished silver on the slopes
Of Skiddaw's grand imperial terraces,
And, circling round fair Derwentwater's shores,
Wreathes a bright halo for Saint Kentigern.

THE SUMMER'S DEAD.

The trees are full of sighs and pain to-night ;
 The leaves fall down ;
The high winds gather in their lordly might,
 O'er heath and town ;

The streams, as if affrighted, swiftly run—
 Their graces fled ;
The sun-forsaken fields lie sere and dun.
 The Summer's dead !

No clinging zephyr wantons with the flowers—
 Like winsome sprite,
For desolate lie all fair Flora's bowers,
 This sorrowing night ;
The sun retires, with cold stars looking on
 The landscape dread ;
Bright mornings past, fair noons, and gloamings gone :
 The Summer's dead.

MUSINGS.

(Written on the sea shore at Norbreck).

White sea sand for my couch, I lie,
 To pass the oppressive hour of noon ;
For, ah ! I know, too soon, too soon,
The winds will sweep with fretful sigh.

So let me pass the unchallenged hour,
 Here, where the storm-god holds its sway--
 Here, where *Appeasement* hath its day—
Here, where old Conscience shows its power.

I rise and praise this majesty,
That brings to me such deep heartsease,
Of ills and sorrows such surcease,
An antidote for every sigh.

I heard them talk of wrecks yest'reen,
As if there were no wrecks but these—
As if there was no blood to freeze !
Yet much is known that is not seen.

Just when the sea gives up its dead,
So will the land a long tale tell,
Of people's bodies long in hell—
The hell of tyranny and dread.

Calmly, my soul, the sun shines bright !
These blessed moments must be free
From taint or thought of slavery :
The world is better for all light.

E'en let me leave these morbid things,
Gaze out towards the shimmering west,
Where sunsets bathe the world to rest ;
Nor heed dull earth's faint murmurings.

I've wondered oft, and wonder still,
When sweep on sweep of waves roll in,
What lies beyond this mighty din—
What question there can be of WILL ?

I feel myself a child again ;
I hope and trust in lowly state,
Unquestioning at Heaven's gate,
The right or wrong of joy or pain.

And in a hope that comes to me,
A golden future brightly dawns—
A future that shall stifle moans,
And witness mankind blest and free !

And Argosies upon the seas
Shall float with plenty for each land ;
And loving nations, hand in hand,
Shall bless each other's destinies.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Born 1801. Died 1890.

A long life spent in groping for the light,
And why his Saviour died to set all free—
He sees the truth at last, divinely bright,
Revealed in all its soothing majesty.

“ O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,” now
He casts aside his earth-stained attributes ;
The pains of doubt thrown off his noble brow,
As meekly the Jehovah he salutes.

Schisms and creeds to him are now unknown—
To him all schools of thought are obsolete,
As, sitting 'neath the shadow of God's throne,
Music proceeds from even angels' feet !

His life's work nobly done—the truth to learn—
The truth to tell, and live it, o'er and o'er,
And make each human heart so likewise yearn—
He rests at last, away from surge or roar.

Yet for his life, so beautiful and pure,
Each one is nobler that is left behind—
Each one is firmer, and his faith more sure,
And they may see who erstwhile have been blind.

And this earth, trembling on its loaded way,
Whose fires were stirred oft by his kindly eyes ;
Will feel transmuted from its charnel clay,
And be a stepping-stone to Paradise !

SABBATH BELLS.

Oh, the soothing Sabbath bells,
Pealing on the morning air,
How I love their throbs and swells,
Making music everywhere :

Ringing high, chiming low,
How their influence dispels
Every care and every woe—
Merry, joyous Sabbath bells !

As I saunter o'er the lea,
Or beside the babbling brook,
Sitting 'neath the hawthorn tree,
Peer into each shady nook :
Fast and free, soft and slow,
Flinging their bewitching spells
Where branches wave and wild-flowers blow—
I hear those sacred Sabbath bells.

O, what calm and holy thoughts
Chase each other through my brain :
O, what melody there floats
Through the air and back again :
What a charm encircles all
The sunny meads and frowning fells !
How much life I could recall,
Listening to those glorious bells !

Yes, the past comes back again ;
Slow and sadly, one by one,
The years that knew no haunting pain,
Themselves unroll, and travel on
To brighter scenes and gayer throngs,
Through mists of years, till memory dwells

Upon the loves, and sweet old songs,
Mixed up in life with those blest bells.

Quickly rhyming, slowly timing,
Years, and months, and days, and hours ;
In imagination chiming,
Dirges o'er life's wasted powers ;
Rising high, falling low,
Still their influence dispels
Every care and every woe—
Peace-invoking Sabbath bells !

ELEANORE.

By the sad sea,
Listening to its endless, charming song ;
Free, O, so free !
Wild and mysterious as it rolls along :
One by my side,
Watching the tide,
Presentiment solely and only her guide ;—
Pythoness,
Who could it be ?

On the hill's slope,
Where I have gathered wild flowers many times ;
Pregnant with hope,

Hearing the birds and music of the chimes,—
A nymph of the dells,
Mocking the bells,
And the birds that were winging and singing for me,
Taunting one,
Like unto thee !

In youthful pride,
Down where the river sings beside the thorn,
At eventide
I wove a chaplet for the bridal morn ;
And the soft winds played
In the lovers' shade,
As I mused, and made, near the trysting tree—
Eleanore—
A wreath for thee !

Yet, for all this—
My musings by the river's fertile plain,
Aye, and the bliss
Of retrospections by the surging main—
I have but this thought,
Which my whole life hath bought,
That I dreamed but too dreamily over these three—
Eleanore—
Time, Love, and Thee.

In the old church,
Myself a silent listener, I stand

Beneath the porch,
Watching the ordeal through, as, hand in hand,
Two lovers kneel,
While the bridal peal
Of bells shoots far across the sea,
Eleanore,
And this for thee !

VICTORIA.

(Written in the Jubilee of 1887.)

Victoria, God bless her,
And may her old-age be
The herald of the looked-for time
Of peace and liberty.
The Queen and mother proud,
The widow, humbly bowed—
Victoria, God bless her !

Victoria, God bless her ;
We've reaped a harvest grand :
The toiling poor will nevermore
Be scoffed at in Her land.
Despots may totter down,
Tyrants may groan and frown,
But Vic., our Queen, God bless her !

Victoria, God bless her ;
Medium of Mercy's laws—
Her ships will sail, and right prevail,
Whatever comes or goes.
In all her lieges' hearts
The prayer unbidden starts—
“ Victoria, God bless her !”

Victoria, God bless her—
Aloof from all that's wrong,
She reigns in hearts as well as marts,
In suffering as in song.
Pattern in joy or tears ;
Bulwark for fifty years ;
Victoria, God bless her !

DEAD !

Yestreen we knew that, full of life,
Clothed with respect, she held all sway ;
Regally set against all strife ;
What now, to-day ?

That such a day should come to men,
Who grope in tribulation's way,
To find their voice for this Amen,
And dare to pray,

But makes us more and more akin ;
Nor ships, nor guns, nor land or sea,
Nor history find a record in
The days to be,

Like when we write “ Our Queen is dead ! ”
Like when we smile throughout our grief,
And jest at Time’s bare grinning head,
A common thief !

But such a peace, so sweet as this,
Which our own Royal Lady wrought,
Means what the sages meant by bliss,
And bliss unsought !

Led by the Father, trusting, true,
From virgin state to matronhood,
She went along her way, and knew
That good was good !

Weep, aye, weep on, who, trusting less,
Find all your paths bestrewn with doubt ;
To-day brings new-born loveliness,
From loon and lout !

Such sheddings from ignoble seed,
Which good Victoria sowed awhile,
Shall blossom into valorous deed,
Throughout our Isle.

And cause our race of sea-born men,
 With women as their consorts ever,
 To try again, and yet again,
 With dogg'd endeavour,

That we may live and come to know
 That Justice folds with us her wings,—
 Because we tried to learn the law
 Of common things !

• • • •
 Fold up her hands—the heritage
 She leaves with us is truly great ;
 She helped to make the Golden Age ;
 She *made* the State !

* TO THEE, OUR FATHER.

HYMN FOR THE CORONATION OF EDWARD VII.

(*Music by A. Dugdale*).

To Thee, our Father, King of Kings,
 Be all our praise this day,
 That Thou hast kept, unto this hour,
 Our nation from decay;
 Grant, God of love, our earthly King,
 Who rules o'er people free,

* For this hymn the King was pleased to thank the author.

May wear his crown, and seek renown
In laws laid down by thee.

Grant that thy servant, and our King,
May work out thy behests ;
Shielding the outcast and the poor
With care, like all his guests ;—
That he may keep his royal state,
As did his royal dame,
And wear his crown, and seek renown
And glory, in Thy name !

Let all that's good with us abide,
Our Father, still we pray ;
Nor judgment dire, nor ill, betide
Our Coronation Day ;
Thy will make known, that he whose brows
The seal of power shall wear,
May wear his crown, and win renown,
Through kindness everywhere !

Without thy aid, O King of Kings,
All earthly Kings were nought ;
Their sceptres were but useless things,
Which vanity had wrought ;
But grant our chosen King may own
His power from fountain pure,
That so his crown, and high renown,
And kingdom may endure.

HOME.

There is no holier influence,
Whate'er my cares may be ;
There is no joy without alloy,
Compared, O, Home, with thee !
And, tho' I wander far afield,—
O'er stormy oceans roam,
My heart must meet it's blest retreat,
And find its rest at Home.

The world my fever'd pulses stirs,
When 'mid the throng I stand,
Or where the seas great argosies
Pour plenty in our land ;
But never yet, in shine or wet,—
On land or white sea foam—
Hath there been aught, with blessings fraught,
Like the lov'd spot called Home !

More music in thy magic word
Than in cathedral choirs ;
More hearts at peace than Rome or Greece
E'er made with altar fires.
And tho' its walls enclose no halls,
Nor roof rear glittering dome ;
Its sweet content is heaven-sent,—
Its shelter is my Home !

MEMORIES.

I know not why it should be so,
That I am sad and full of woe
When thinking of the long ago.

But so it is : I murmur not
That mine is not a happy lot ;
Tho' stained with many a tearful blot.

And, sitting here upon the shore,
I muse upon the days of yore,
And cull from memory's ample store.

The setting sun flings back its gold,
A-shimmering from its western fold,
And boyhood's life's again retold :

As how, when blither times were mine,
We noted every golden line
That flashed from the horizon's mine.

And spake of wonders o'er the main,
Where fancy could not bear the strain,
To image them and think again.

But, ah ! There cometh not to me
One fear of all its mystery,
As now I sit beside the sea.

Only the ghosts of buried times ;—
Only the echoes of the chimes,
Down the old avenue of limes.

The waves are amorous with the shells !

The sea the same love-story tells ;

The ocean in its anger swells :

So typical of melody—

Synonymous with all our glee—

Consistent with our jealousy !

And then—day closes o'er the scene ;

Nature is perfect, yet I ween,

Hearts are not what they might have been.

WATCHING.

To the dim distance, where I see no one

To set my weary eyes upon and rest,

My mind sends forth a courier of hope

That ever comes back stately, but unblest—

For my hope's stately and will never fail.

Eagerly watching towards the rising sun,

Thinking that Spring-time, with its joyous hours,

Will woo her back to sing for me again,

To revel in the sunshine and the flowers,

For in each flower there is enshrined a tale.

Methinks I saw her—it was yesterday—

In the fair portion of a rich, gay throng ;

And in the rapture of that heavenly hour
The past came back with all its love and song ;
Even my soul seemed dead with intense bliss.

But as I 'wakened from that painful trance,
And life resumed its cold and cheerless sway,
My heart was agéd and my life seemed blank ;
A power unseen had witched my love away,
Just as I stooped her marble brow to kiss !

Eagerly watching, ever thinking, too,
Calmly in sunshine, patiently in snow ;
And thinking, 'mid this wreck of time and life,
Someone may die, and someone never know ;
Only the mourners, who will never weep.

Yet, in the air I feel thy sympathy ;
In every flower I view a perfect face ;
In every dream I see thy beauteous form,
Clothed now, as ever, with a holy grace—
Except for dreams I would not care to sleep.

Sometimes, when musing on the lonely shore,
Where break the waves in music soft and low,
Visions of love enfold me in their wings,
And bless me as they blest me long ago ;
Sea-shells are pearls, and every pearl is mine.

And though my path is oft beset with thorns—
My life oft burdened with its load of care—

My way is clear into the great Beyond ;
A rose or two commingles here and there,
And thou art in the distance, half divine !

ST. GEORGE AND MERRIE ENGLAND.

A TOAST.

Here's to the sainted man of old ;
Here's to the good old Isle of fame ;
Here's to the mighty warrior bold,
The guardian saint of England's name.
Lift high your beakers, friends, to-night,
In hate of wrong, in love of right—
To every Englishman's delight—
St. George and Merrie England !

Not ours to stoop to juggling tricks
Of base conceptions, means, or scorn ;
Not ours to mix in politics,
Where friendship is from friendship torn ;
But ours the pleasing task to take—
Ours, glorious history to make,
And toast again, for freedom's sake,
St. George and Merrie England !

Fill up your beakers—raise them high ;
Let mind to mind respond to-night ;

That tyranny may droop and die,
And love be throned in all its might :
Here' to the land that gave us birth—
The land of high renown and mirth :
The most beloved names on earth—
St. George and Merrie England !

SPRING IS COMING.

Spring is coming o'er the meadows,
Sunlight slants more gaily o'er ;
Gloomy griefs and wintry shadows
Soon will flee to Lethe's shore.
Up from banks where frost-hoar glistens,
Peeps the snowdrop, virgin-white ;
Yet the poet vainly christens
Spring. *'Twas freezing hard last night !*

Spring is coming ; hearts are lighter ;
Work no longer frets or palls ;
Won't mankind rush in—requite her,
When she lights up Nature's halls !
Will not all be merry-hearted—
Each plain Hodge or Hudibras—
When from darkness we've departed ?
(Fog again,—light up the gas !)

Spring is coming—days are longer;
Lay your sombre furs aside :
Each one ailing feels the stronger ;
Strong men feel they can't abide
All the good things set before them,
Which are brought by Spring or bard,
Tho' the maidens quite adore them—
(Not just yet—*'Tis snowing hard !*)

Spring is coming, sure and steady,
Smiling in her conquering way ;
Let us all be up and ready ;
Let us own her genial sway,—
And with daffodilic chaplet
Let us glorify her brow ;
Giving Winter one more slap yet.
(*Storm of hailstone coming now !*)

Spring is coming---cornucopia,
Filled with treasures from the east,
For the poor man's rich Utopia ;
Nectar, too, for poets' feast !
How we'll revel when Her downy
Wings shall bless our gloomy clime !
(Tho' I fear I'm gettin spoony,
And I know I'm stuck for rhyme !)

HOPE: A SONNET.

I sing of Hope—the ladder up to Heaven,
The only grand heart's ease of this our life,
With which we bid farewell to needless strife,
And roam the surface of this trembling world
With surety in our breast that we, forgiven,
May see the forms again which time hath hurl'd
To mansions of the blest and good elect,
When future's veil is cast aside and riven,
And souls which grovel now are made perfect.
O, life is like a floating vessel, wreckt,
Where hope, commanding, sees the far-off shore,
Whose bells so sweetly o'er death's waters chime,
Wooing us to a rest where we no more
May mark the progress of neglected time !

THE OLD TRYSTING PLACE.

" Those records dear of transports past."—*Burns.*

'Tis a spot of remembrance, tho' years have gone by,
But the tribute I give it is only a sigh ;
'Tis a scene of much beauty, of joy, and of woe,
And the only one trophy of long, long ago ;
True, there are other trophies, but changed are they all,
And echoless stand at the old merry call,—
So I leave them to perish, and turn to the grace
Of the unchanging charms of the old trysting place.

Yes, it stands there more sacred than ever to me,
Shut out from the world near the agéd elm tree,
In the heart of the valley where none could intrude,
To break on the stillness of our solitude ;
Where the mirror of Nature—the clear glassy pool,
And the spire of the church, and the old village school,
Shed their hallowing influence over the face
Of the scenes that encircled the old trysting place.

What melody rang in each twitter of song
From the sweet sounding stores of the feathery throng,
What innocent thoughts each blest moment would bring
To a mind full of love in perennial spring ;
As I watched oft and waited, so patient and meek,
With a quick-beating pulse and a blush on my cheek ;
Or pensively stood, and, in letters apace,
Carved her name on the tree in the old trysting place.

And, as now I revisit this favorite haunt,
The mists of the past years dissolve, and the chaunt
Of some wood warbler ringeth anew in mine ear,
Welcoming, wooing me back, whilst the tear
Standeth pearly, and trembling and ready to fall,
At the music that comes in the choristers call—
That music that lingers so soft, which I trace
To the birth of my hopes in the old trysting place.

Tho' I cherish and love it, my gay dreams are o'er,
And perchance I now tread on the footprints of yore

For the last time, ere grim speculation invades,
To pollute its fair bowers and lay waste its glades ;
So I bid it adieu—the events may roll by ;
There's a power that will save when none other is nigh ;
No rudeness can crush nor from memory efface
The reals and ideals of the old trysting place.

TO MY BROTHER AUTHORS.

No niche in fame for learned store
Have I, nor hoard of mystic lore ;
Yet, if the truth my lips or pen
Can train to help my fellow-men,
As I would have them, then my days
Would bring me measure of such praise,
That authorship for good would be
Good authorship, indeed to me !
I leave all those to soar who can ;
On those who delve I place no ban ;
I turn my mind to little things—
The prosy, common happenings
Of every day bring food for thought,
Where lessons have been learned and taught.

Whene'er I wander in the street —
The school of life—I'm sure to meet

Some face, long robb'd of hope and health ;
Some searching out the road to wealth ;
Some pinched with Poverty's despair,
Which light of day hath made too bare !
And then some child hath changed the scene,
As, skipping like some fairy queen,
She sets me speculating free
On what just is and ought to be !
And then my muse bids me record
Some well-gleaned truth or pregnant word.
But, as I said, I am no sage,
Nor care for antiquarian rage,
Except as showing this, forsooth,
That nought abides except God's truth !
The history of some lofty steeple ;
The creeds and crotchets of the people ;
A nation with a history blighted,
Or statesman whom a king hath slighted,
Bring not to me such interest
As Nature, in her spring robes drest !
At such a time, and such a scene,
What man with soul so cold and lean,
Who cannot view the fields and flowers,
And feel the luxury of the hours,
Without rejoicing or misgiving,
Or giving thanks that he is living ?

The glowing East ; the wide, fair scenes ;
The matchless tints of tender greens ;

The limpid brooks set free again
To babble on to ocean's main ;
The birds of song ; the budding trees ;
The skies of blue ; the healthful breeze ;
The kine amid the oxlipp'd mead ;
The rooks which claim their tithes of seed ;
The vale's soft shadows ; upland sheens ;
The fresh blood coursing through one's veins—
These are delights “ the least one ” feels,
And why the poet humbly kneels
To thank his God that he, the least,
May share in such a season's feast !
Nor are they all : with what delight
We greet the summer's gilded light !
What deadened hopes rise up again,
With lost love's tenderest refrain !
With what a joy we live our day
Again, amid the new-mown hay !
And, roaming in the scented air,
Find freedom shorn of manhood's care !

This, by the way, to tell you, friends,
These little things make good amends
To me, whose songs make no high claim
To aught, except a transient fame.
Enough, if I but stumble on
The path o'er which tired feet have gone,

And utter some stray phrase, well meant,
To breed more joy, or make content
Some weary mortal, panting, bleeding,
The crowd has coldly passed unheeding.

So may I labour—giving those
Who, shorn of hope and sweet repose,
A lease of strength to fight life's way,
And usher in the dawning day—
The soul's awakening to the good,
Glad time of human brotherhood !

IN MEMORIAM.

Where the Atlantic breaks upon the coast,
In surging thunder as it broke of yore ;
And when, in days gone by, the noble band
Of Pilgrim Fathers claimed it as their shore ;
Where stood the Cross which made it Christian land,
Where heaved the first green funereal mound
Of patriarchal Christian in the West,
There thou dost sleep in consecrated ground.

A day ago and thou with buoyant hope,
Inspired with coming spring-time and the flowers,

Didst waft across the sea to kindred dear
Letters that breathed of home and happy hours ;
And, speaking of thy far-off English home,
Where childhood's golden hours were wiled away,
Thou didst not fail to mention every friend—
Thou didst not fail to cheer each on his way.

The jubilation born of thy success
Was but short lived, for, speeding o'er the wave,
The ill news floated, saying thou wert dead,
And strangers' hands had laid thee in thy grave.
Dead ! not a brother with thee in that hour,
Nor friend who'd lov'd thee thro' thy chequer'd days,
To smooth thy path in thy lone journey hence,
Nor make it sweeter with his meed of praise.

O, I had watched for summer's balmy skies,
That I might see thy dear face once again,
Framed with its wealth of kind and honest smiles,
Lit up with mirth, and vanquishing all pain ;
I see thy fair face now in many a dream,
Fraught with memorials of the summers long,
When we were happy in our childhood's home,
I with my rhymes and thou with merry song.

And I shall look, but look for thee in vain—
Ship after ship will sail, yet bring thee not :

Many a home will sound with welcome's ring,
For many a son who had been nigh forgot.
The golden days of summer, too, will come,
With all their fresh and living load of bloom ;
The birds will sing on every bow and spray,
The butterfly will rest—upon thy tomb.

And to that land that lies beyond the sea,
Where thou, dear brother, liest slumbering on,
My thought will aye turn westwards unto thee,
With vacant longing, but with hope all gone.
The deep, dull, aching of this heart of mine,
Never again respited by thy breath,
Will cling to me for ever from the hour
That changed thy land of liberty to death.

Yet thou art happy in thy resting place,
And thy good name will ever honoured be ;
Recorded in the annals of the band
Of those brave men who fought along with thee.
And tho' thou'rt far from kindred and from home,
Thou resteth 'neath a nation's fertile sod,
Where reverenced are the maxims of the just,
And mankind worships free the living God.

Rest, brother mine, thy victory is won,
The storm is spent, and thou art o'er the stream,
Thy face uplifted to the Father's throne,
Illumined by the radiance of His beam ;

And though we weep we will not woo despair—
Work yet remains for able hands to do ;
The darkness hath been dense, but morning dawns—
The clouds have gathered, but the sun breaks through !

JOHN RUSKIN.

Obit. 1900.

Why say he died ? Can one be said to die
When at the end of fourscore years of life
The world familiar grows with all the truth
He ever spake ?—when doubt is thrown away
By those who tried in narrow disbelief
To shackle all his error-freeing tasks ?
No ! More alive to-day is he than those
Who sit wrapped round, conventionally proud—
Too stupid or too blind to probe God's truth !
Tho' he lie still in cerements, yet he lives,
And no one way in Nature, or in Art,
Is left unguarded to be spat upon,
Or be reviled by impious tongues or feet.
His task was to interpret common things
Which self-sufficiency had long ignored,
Till little else was left but monstrous sores
To infect the pure kept back from human ken !
That task he wrought, and now the ways are clean,
Swept clear by hand which knew the Mosaic roads
Lay beautiful if he but delvéd deep.

He dead? Not yet! While rainbows throw their arcs—
While saffron skies throw back on earth their hues,
And purple shadows rest our aching eyes—
Whilst rosy sunsets speak of promises,
And russet, and deep crimson in the woods,
At Autumn time, in contrast with the Spring,
Give evidence that God is merciful,
Ruskin will live! And we who crave his creed,
And strive to copy in our feeble ways
The Master-hand who taught us how to see
The beauties lying round about our feet,
Know well enough that years shall come and go,
And bring their doubtings but to test our power
Of struggling upwards to the final goal.
But we have learnt the pathways thro' the fields—
The copse's edge—the breastways by the mount—
The pillar'd temples, where the shrines are built;
And fields, wherein the Angelus is heard,
Have taken to themselves a glow so rich
That had this one true-seeing seer not lived,
Only a God could hear their harmonies!

BY THE RIVER.

Watching by the river,
On the sloping green;
Spring time robed in beauty,
Coming like a queen:

Spreading out its carpet
For the festive dance,
Bringing flowers and sunbeams,
With its magic glance.

Watching by the river,
On a summer's noon,
Watching troops of maidens,
In the heat of June,
Romping on the greensward,
Happy, free, and blest ;
One just like a sunbeam,
Blyther than the rest.

Sometimes on the river,
A boat goes sailing by,
With gilded prow and music,
And men with spirits high :
But, ah ! these lovely singers,
Are sailing to the sea,—
They do not know I'm waiting,—
They do not stay for me.

And, far out on the river,
Glittering like molten gold,
I watch the freight sail onward :
The tale will ne'er be told,
Whether they reached the haven,—
Whether the tempest hurled

Them back on the angry ocean,
Back to the weary world.

Watching by the river,
In the gloom of time,
'Neath a watery sunset ;
Autumn in it's prime ;
Tossing yellow foliage
Into the running stream ;
Musing on love and boyhood,
Wrapt in a trance-like dream.

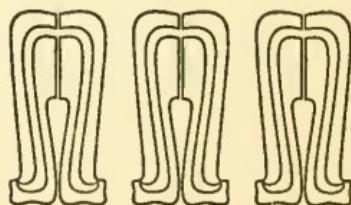
Watching by the river,
The old year dying fast ;
Hopes, like leaves long withered,
Dead in the Winter's blast ;
Wistfully looking outward
And upward, toward the shore,
Where Spring shall be for ever,
And love die nevermore !

TO MEMORY.

Come, Memory, with thy magic wand,
Flash back the scenes of years ago,
And from thy bounteous sunny land,
Bring back the time that knew no woe ;

I sigh, in this dull selfish age,
For something bright and good to see ;
O, let thy rich unclouded page
Unfolded be !

Thy mornings were all fresh and fair ;
Thy noons they smelt of new-mown hay ;
Thy evenings were so rich and rare
That life seemed like a summer day !
Unfold thy book, sweet memory,
That we may briefly live again
Those peaceful days of ecstacy,
Without a stain.



DIALECT POEMS.

STOP AT HOOAM TO-NEET.

It's thirty yer, this varra day,
Sin' thee an' me wer wed ;
An' wod a thirty yer it's seemed !
An' wod a life we've led !
Come, lad, just draw thi cheor up, do,
An' rest thi weary feet ;
Let's hev a bit o' gradely talk,
An' stop at hooam to-neet !

Come, hang thi cap up; shut thad door
An' smook thi pipe wi' me ;
An' let me try if aw con smook,
An' look as nice as thee.
Aw'm geddin owder neaw, theaw knows ;
Mi een are wos for seet ;
Aw want a bit o' comfort, lad ;
Just stop at hooam to-neet.

Neaw, come, aw know tha hasn'd lost
Thi owd an' comely ways ;

They're nobbut covered o'er wi th' dirt
O' these unchristian days;
Thi heart's as good as e'er id wer,
Tho' mine is nod as leet,
But theaw con mek id leeter, mon ;
Just stop at hooam to-neet.

Aw know aw've often moithered thee
Wi this long tongue o' mine ;
Aw've preyched an' swaggered o' mi breed,
An skitted thee an' thine ;
But, then, it's o for want o' thowt—
Aw'm t' silliest wife i' th' street,
But t' silliest wife con mend a bit.
Will t' stop at hooam to-neet ?

Fooak's nooan so long to live, nor nowt,
They needn't be so queer ;
Life's nobbut like a sunshine shower,
Wi' t' breetness here an' theer ;
An' tho' we've seen a deol o' th' gloom,
An' time's nod passed so sweet,
We's happen hev a bit moore sun ;
Just stop at hooam to-neet.

Aw're lookin t' drawers up yesterday
For summat nice to read,
An' aw fun thad book tha bowt for Sal,
Just t' week befoor id deed.

Aw cried to think o' them past times,
Till t' book wer soppin weet ;
Aw've hardly getten o'er id yet ;
Just stop at hooam to-neet.

Aw'll do mi share, if theaw'll do thine,
Tort' mekkin' th' owd hooam seem
Like wod id wer when we wer wed—
When we wer young an' weam.
Aw've brewed this week, too, does ta know ?
An' th' pewter pint's as breet
As ever mornin wor i' May ;
Sooa stop at hooam to-neet !

An' fro this time let thee an' me
Booath tug an' poo one way ;
For foin' eawt brings noather milk
Nor sugar for eawr tay.
We corn'd do mich, corn'd thee an' me,
But we con do what's reet ;
An' theaw shall mek t' beginnin' lad—
Do stop at hooam to-neet !

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

A SEQUEL TO "STOP AT HOOAM To-NEET."

Aw wish theaw'd give o'er grumblin', lass,
 We're wed, an' gradely teed ;
 An' tho' we plague each other oft,
 We're runnin' fast to seed :
 Wilt hearken to me just once moore,
 Befoor aw lay me deawn ?
 If God'll spare me thro' this do
 Aw'll gooa no moor to th' "Creawn."

Eh, me ! Heaw this poor heyd o' mine,
 Runs riot thro' mi brain ;
 An' t' wost on't is, aw do believe
 It suits thee, an' theaw'rt fain ;—
 Aw do believe theaw'rt lookin' eawt,
 To see wod theaw mon do,
 When theaw hast snugly hill'd me up,
 An' buried this owd foo'!

If aw'd mi time to start ageon,
 Aw'd be a better mon,
 But neaw aw'm shoother deep i' th' mire,
 Aw'm like to do's aw con ;
 Yet still o' things may werk for t' best,
 Tho' *my* sand's nearly run ;
 If thee an' Him'll but forgive
 O t' wrongs 'at e'er aw've done

It plagues me moore than aw con tell
 To see eawr limpin' Jooan
 Keep cryin' o'er his drukken dad—
 He's welly skin an' booan :
 Id hampers me to know aw brooak
 His " save-o " t' other week,
 An' took wod should ha' bowt him grapes,
 Then spent id like a sneak.

Wod, sobbin' ? nay, theaw'r't nooan so soft !
 Theaw'st borne life gradely weel ;
 An' neaw to see thee pine an' fret,
 Theaw meks *me* stare an' feel.
 Come, happen t' wost is o'er, owd mate ;
 If aw but once ged weel,
 Aw'll show thee, bi mi kindly ways,
 Mi heart's nod med o' steel.

Theaw's sat i' th' nook, day after day,
 An' one day, does ta know,
 Theaw kiss'd mi pictur tenderly,
 When dustin' id on t' wo ?
 Theaw didn't think aw're watchin' thee—
 Theaw thowt aw couldn't see ;
 But id med mi owd heart young ageon,
 Come, lass, an' just kiss me !

Aw've seen th' owd loveleet i' thi een,
 An' neaw aw know aw'm reet ;

Aw'll throw mi drukken shoon away,

An' try to mek ends meet.

Aw'll try to sing another tune,

'At winnot sooak me throo;

An' theaw shall help me i' mi song,

Just like theaw used to do.

Eawr Jooan shall hev new crutches, lass,

When next we go to th' teawn;

An' if theaw'll wait a bit, owd brid,

Theaw's hev a brand-new geawn;

An' if God prospers us a bit,

Till summer comes i' view,

We'll hire owd Giles's hoss an' cart,

An' gooa to th' sea-side too!

TRY TO UNDERSTAND THINGS.

As we tramp throo life's long journey,

We've to rough id hard for miles;

Tho' ther's bits o' pleasant stretches,

Free fro ruts, or thorns, or stiles;

But ther's mony a bit o' uphill

'At is meant for t' tramp's own good,

If he'd try to understand things

As they should be understood.

We rebel at this an' t' other,
An' we mek a mighty fuss
If eawr nebbor's lot be pleasant
Whol ill-fortune touches us ;
But we never stop to think on 't,
At a streamlet's nod a flood,
Or we dunnot understand things
As they should be understood.

It's nod fro eawn own feelin's
We should judge o' facts an' things,
For ther's mony a angel's visit
Ushered in wi' pains an' stings ;
If we o could stan i' th' places,
Wheer t' world's wisest men hev stood,
We could hardly understand things
As they should be understood.

It's because we're nod immortal,
An we're mystified each day,'
'At we're fain to keep on livin',
Till we've cleared some deawt away ;
If we scorned eawr own misgivin's,
Or we weighed 'em as we should,
We could understand eawr duty
As id should be understood.

Every heawr 'ud be moore precious,
If we understood eawr lives ;

Wedlock ud be a Eden
 If we understood eawr wives ;
 For ther'd be no vain hallooin'
 Till we o' geet eawt o' th' wood,
 If we nobbut understood things
 As they should be understood !

TOM'S GONE HOOAM !

Th' sun is shinin' breet this mornin',
 Everything seems prim an' fair ;
 Autumn's tints on th' woods an' hedgerows
 Matchless seem, beyond compare ;
 Yet, ther's summat jars eawr spirits,
 Ther's a plaint i' th' moanin' breeze,
 An as th' leovs come droppin', droppin',
 Voices come to us fro th' trees—
 " Tom's gone hooam ! " "

Tom, a worshipper o' natur',
 He wer wi' us yesterneet,
 Full o' fellowship's heigh notions,
 Allus smilin', allus breet !
 Tom, 'at kept his brave face frontin'
 Th' world's hard tasks fro' day to day,
 Never flinchin', ne'er complainin'—

Tom neaw teks his holiday—
“ Tom's gone hooam !”

Champion he o' th' poor deawntridden,
Tom 'ud pity an' protest,
Nod i' blatant noise, or frantic,
But i' ways he knew wer best.
Self he banished as unholy,
If id tried to reet no wrong ;
Singin' ever on his journey,
Till he coom to th' end o' th' song—
“ Tom's gone hooam !”

He'd a nod for every crony,
He'd a grip for every friend,
An' for ne'er-do-weels a maxim—
“ Ne'er to' late, mi lads, to mend !”
But they'll miss him neaw i' th' circle
Wheer his wit flew fine an' fast ;
He wer allus wick an' wakken,
But he's fo'n asleep at last—
“ Tom's gone hooam !”

After mekkin' th' pathways smoother,
Clearin' th' thorns fro' tender feet,
Speykin' th' truth an' shuntin' error,
Tom is restin' weel to-neet !
Never deawtin' th' goal he werked to,
Never faintin' lookin' back,

Stridin' eawt till dayleet lasted,
Neaw he's reyched to th' end o' th' track—
“Tom's gone hooam !”

EAWR BONNY ROSE.

Ther's a fleawr 'at grows i' gardens,
An' i' wildwoods' tangled maze,
An' it's th' emblem of a nation owd an' strong ;
But, when strangers try to pluck id,
They can give but scanty praise,
For it's guarded weel wi' prickles, sharp an' long ;
Yet it's famed wi' lads an' lasses,
Throo owd England's wide domains ;
It's a talisman as everybody knows—
It's a fleawer 'at's loved wi' patriots,
An' fooak wi' sense or brains—
It's thad honest, ancient, English scented Rose !

Ther's no blarney in it's petals ;
Ther's no bog beside it's bed,
When id climbs abeawt th' owd pooarch or gable end ;
When id taps mi lady's window,
Wi' id glistenin' dews unshed,
It's a seet 'at brave St. George could weel defend !

When they sing o' th' Leek or Thistle,
 Or ther giant clover green,
 Or o' onny bloom'in' plant 'at ever grows,
 We con still look on beawt envy,
 For we're suited up to th' een,
 Wi' eawr pratty, natty, queenly, English Rose !

It's a badge o' Cupid's kingdom,
 An' a ornament for kings ;
 It's bin t' theme for songs an' sermons throo an' throo ;
 It's a prize i' tilts an' tourneys,
 Or when t' noise o' battle rings ;
 An' a fleawer for tellin' secrets under too !
 It's a part o' owd Britannia,
 An' it's blazoned on Her shield ;
 An' it's carried wheer owd England's vanguard shows ;
 An' aw'm sure it's t' sweetest posey
 Grown i' garden, dyke, or field,
 Is eawr blushin', bonny, modest, English Rose !

A WREATH O' BLUE SMOOK.

A wreath o' blue smook, filt'rin' up throo green leaves,
 mon,
 When mornin' comes smilin', or sunset comes on,
 An' a concert, wi' th' orchester under them eaves, mon,
 Is a seet for a prince, if he's nod to' far gone.

White cottages nestlin', like doves in a garden,
Green pooarches invitin' to these hooamly beawrs,
Wheer a poor body's fare is a cake wi' some lard in,
An t' poorest o' souls is kept pure among t' fleawrs !

A nice ingle nook, wi' a kist an' a settle,
Is palace enough, if thi heart's i'th' reet place ;
Thi een 'll be breet, an' thi arms i' grand fettle,
Wheer Natur' sets t' copy for others to trace.
No imps theer to snap us, wheer big plums an' appos
Come tumblin' deawn ripe, just wheer t' potpooasies
grow :
An' a chap's ne'er forsaken wheer flitches o' bacon,
Astid o' fine picturs, frame rafter an' wo !

Theaw meets no temptation, there's no auteration,
Wheer t' layrock sings heigh, an' wheer t' draken-hen
sits ;
Ther's never mich squand'rin' wheer honey-bees,
wand'rin',
Leov creawds o' big cities to live bi' ther wits.
If t' greawnd pays thi rent, mon, theaw'rt nod discontent, mon ;
An' this, if a chap gets a meawthful o' meight,
Wi' a kindly good deed, mon, is o as we need, mon,
An' fooak as wants moore let 'em tew on an' feight !

Find use for thi spade, mon ; come here into th' glade,
mon,
Or far eawt o' th' shade, mon, on t' breast o' this hill ;

Just leov o th' teawn's friction, for God's benediction,
 Wheer breezes blow freedom to do as yo' will !
 Ther's nod so mich wrong, mon, wheer brooks sing ther
 song, mon,
 An' whimplin' so strong, mon, wi' t' music for thee ;
 Sooa hie thee like heawnd, mon, whol young an' whol
 seawnd, mon,
 An' ged use to th' greawnd, mon, befoor theaw's to
 dee !

WISDOM.

At fifteen aw thowt aw wer wise ;
 At twenty ther wer noon 'at could teych me,
 An' aw danced, an' wer glad,
 Aw could lick mi owd dad,
 An' who could expect, then, to reych me ?
 Aw threw eawt advice reet an' left—
 Ther wer nowt but one mortal then livin'
 'At could teych, do yo' see,
 An' thad mortal wer me—
 Aw wer sure mi advice wer wo'th givin'.

At thirty aw bended a bit,
 An' alleawd 'at mi feyther could reason ;
 He'd once or twice shown
 He could just howd his own,
 An' gain a bit, too, in a seoson ;

But mi dad hed an' owd-fashioned way,
I' clearin' his heels o'er a barrier,
Till aw owned up, wi' pride,
Ther wer sense on his side,
An' whoever wer th' hare, he wer th' harrier.

At forty, aw'd poo'd in a lot,
For aw felt like a bit of a bigot ;
Mi dad's native sense
Med me feel dull an' dense
When he turned on his learnéd owd spiggott ;
Then aw learned heaw to listen betimes.
As he chucked eawt mi words to be etten ;
An' aw knew things wer slow
'At mi dad duddn't know,
Beside wod he'd known an' forgotten.

At fifty, aw're scrattin' mi yure,
An' wonderin' wheer wisdom lay hidden ;
Aw'd bin on a wrong track ;
'Twer a weary way back
To th' place wheer conceit hed bin ridden ;
But t' journey wer teed to be done,
Throo mony a long windin' an' turnin' :
Aw'd to turn back to t' view
Wheer students pass throo,
An' scholars pay toll for ther learnin'.

At sixty, aw'm shapin' mi way
Tort learnin' some bits o' good knowledge,
 For aw've passed mi fost schoo',
 Wheer they learn every foo',
Heaw to study i' t' world's wider college.
Ther's o sooarts o' quicksands an' shoals,
Fro' t' time 'at one's rocked i' one's kayther ;
 But it's mon's grand surprise
 When he wins a fost prize,
An' he feels he's as fause as his fayther.

MAY DEW.

Th' owd squire to th' matron doffed his hat—
 “ Pray wod is t' secret, dame,
'At keeps thi grand complexion up,
 Till t' peaches hang an' shame ?
Aw've seen some beauties i' mi time,
 But skins like thine are few ;”
An' then th' owd dame hoo med reply—
 “ Aw rowl mysel' i' t' dew, aw do—
Aw rise wi' t' lark i' t' month o' May,
 An' aw rowl mysel' i' t' dew !”

“ An' wod is t' secret o' thi step—
Theaw walks like ony queen,

Wi' springy stride an' cooartly pace,
Across th' owd village green ?
Aw'm sure mi wife 'ud younger grow
If hoo thi secret knew ;"
An' then th' owd dame hoo med reply—
“ Aw bathe mysel' i' dew, aw do—
Aw rise wi' t' lark i' t' month o' May,
An' aw bathe mysel' i' dew !”

“ But, tell me this,” th' owd squire still axed,
“ Heaw is't thi een's so breet ?—
They're like a pair o' fairy lamps,
'At mek a dark rooad leet.
Wod secret keeps 'em full o' fire,
Flashin' wi' wondrous blue ?”
An' then th' owd dame hoo med reply—
Aw bathe 'em weel i' dew, aw do—
Aw rise wi' t' lark i' t' month o' May.
An aw bathe 'em weel wi' dew !”

“ But, deary me,” thad squire still said,
“ Thi toppin's nod yet grey ;
It's like floss silk, 'at shines i' t' sun—
Tell me thi secret, pray.
Wod potion is ther 'at'll keep
Owd age so far fro' view ?”

An' then th' owd dame hoo med reply—

" Aw use thad charm co'd dew, aw do—
Aw rise wi' t' lark i' t' month o' May,
An aw wesh mi yure wi' dew!"

TH' NICK O' PENDLE.

They wer breet days an' bonny, an' milestooans wer few,
When aw trampt up th' owd moorlands wi' thee ;
If we geet eawr feet withchert id wor but wi' dew,
An' eawr hearts were unfettered an' free :
We'd a song for t' sun's risin', like t' lark up aboon,
An we sung when 'twur settin', an' learnt heaw to croon
Love's music, translated bi th' wizard i' t' moon,
When we wandered throo t' nick o' owd Pendle !

Ther wer health i' each footfo' i' Huntroyde's demesne ;
Ther wer scents like kashmeer i' each hollow ;
Ther wer fairy-ringed kingdoms, deserted, but plain,
Wi' legends o' witches to follow ;
Ther wer tall, lordly elms ; ther wer larches quite prim ;
Ther wer sycamore shades, wi' ther cloisters so dim,
An' a brook softly wimplin' a lullaby hymn,
When we wandered tort t' nick o' owd Pendle !

Heaw we curl'd up eawr lips at them pygmies below,
When we planted eawr heyds among t' cleawds ;

Heaw we wondered heaw feet could feel tired or walk slow,

Or be lapp'd up wi' geawt among creawds!

We wer throned in a palace, wi' picturs o reawnd,

O' castles, an' abbeys, an' shepherds weel breawnd;

Wi' a blue-tinted roof, miles an' miles aboon t' greawnd,

When we stood aboon t' nick o' owd Pendle !

We'd carpets to treyd on as t' dust never fades,

An' billows o' bent grass for cheors,

Wi' a concert o' song swellin' up fro' green glades,

Bringin' Heaven a bit n'ar to eawr ears !

We needed no wine eawr keen senses to thrill,

For th' air wer champagne, an' we drank to eawr fill ;

An' we tooasted owd Demdyke an' Chattox on th' hill,

When we rambled throo t' nick o' owd Pendle !

MI IDOLS.

When things go wrang, an' cleawds hang low,

An' mists blot eawt th' owd moorland's face,

Aw fix mi idols in a row,

An' deck 'em eawt wi' fleawrs an' lace :

Aw draw mi cheor up, in between,

Away fro' t' world's grim dirt an' din.

An' see once mooar two sky-blue een—

A chubby nooase an' dimpled chin !

These gods o' mine no penance set,
 Except to waft me, i' mi need,
 To new-mown hay or mignonette,
 Or owd-time gardens, run to seed ;—
 To moorland's broo or daisied green,
 Wi' glints o' sunshine chequered in ;
 Wi' t' peerless show o' two blue een—
 A chubby nooase an' dimpled chin !

Mi worship o' these idols mine
 Is like th' owd playtime, o'er an' o'er ;
 Ther young, loved faces seem divine,
 Lit up wi' smiles they allus wore :
 One throned aloft as t' village queen,
 Wi' wider kingdoms yet to win ;
 But, best of o, them two blue een—
 Thad chubby nooase an' dimpled chin !

One idol, wi' a woodbine wreath
 Thrown reawnd her nut-breawn, tangled yure,
 Comes wi' her gift o' scented heath,
 For t' worshipper 'at kneels on t' floor !
 It's then mi cleawds turn o to sheen—
 It's then aw think it's nooan a sin
 To worship them two saucy een—
 Thad chubby nooase an' dimpled chin !

Fro' shadowland mi idols peep,
 To flutter deawn when t' days are drear ;

An' then, i' dayleet or i' sleep,
I find 'em sittin' reawnd me cheor !
At sich a time there is no screen
To keep me eawt or shut 'em in,
For aw see them wondrous sky-blue een—
Thad chubby nooase an' dimpled chin !

CUCKOO !

A twel'month full hed pass'd id reawnd
Sin' t' other day aw trod o'er th' greawnd
Wheer t' throstles sing, bi th' edge o' t' wood,
An' t' brook spreys eawt i' mimic flood.
Aw switched mi hazel wi' a sigh
To think o' th' days an' yers gone by;
When, like a voice o' some lost friend,
Mellow an' soft reawnd t' coppice bend
Ther coom, just like id used to do :
Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !

Aw threw mi cares away an' trod,
A lad ageon, o'er t' daisied sod,
For why should aw, if t' world seemed dark,
Wade into t' flood fro' youth's snug ark ?
“ Aw'll find a nest or two,” aw said,
“ An' let fooak sigh 'at's owd an' wed !”
An' then, wi' eggs o' mottled breawn,

Or dappled red, aw clambered deawn ;
But still thad voice coom up anew :
 Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !

Then fro' mi lichened boulder throne
Aw sung till t' west hed crimson grown,
An' then aw sung throo th' afterglow,
Till t' throstles piped in, too, an' o ;
Aw sang mi rooad throo th' scented ways,
Just as aw sung i' th' owd-time days ;
But, as we neared eawr last "Amen,"
Up sterted linnet, finch, an' wren,
An' glorious syllables coom throo :
 Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !

An' neaw, when smookin' i' mi cheor,
Aw feel aw've Spring's grand chorus here,—
Th' orchestra fann'd wi' gentle breeze,
Guarded o reawnd wi' buddin' trees.
Owd Sol, t' grand curtain-raiser, smiles,
On t' singers reawnd abeawt for miles.
Th' brook tries a bar till t' pitch is gi'en,
Then, wod a seawnd to revel in,
For th' oboe player bowder grew :
 Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !

UP AMONG TH' HILLS.

It's up among th' hills, among th' heather,
Aw'll hie me, an' chase care away,
For aw'm weary o' t' din o' big cities,
An' toilin' an' moilin' throo t' day ;
Aw'll search eawt a broo among t' bracken,
Wheer t' whinfinch's melody trills,
An' aw'll bare mi' owd toppin' an' hearken
To t' sperrit 'at talks among th' hills !

Thad sperrit's oft browt me mi freedom,
An' med me forget every pain ;
It's routed o t' crowsfeet an' wrinkles,
An' t' cobwebs an' o fro' mi brain ;
Id hums a new tune every visit,
An' t' choir o' them swift tricklin' rills,
Brings Heaven a bit n'ar to mi senses,
When aw tramp among t' blue-tinted hills !

Aw'll pipe eawt some owd-fashioned ballad,
On vanity, pride, an' unrest ;
Aw'll sing till them grand, mockin' echoes
Chime into mi song an' say—"rest!"
Aw'll spree on a wine fit for princes !
Noather stinted to squibs nor to gills ;
Thad Chartreuse, i' t' green spangled mosses,
Is allus on tap among th' hills !

Aw'll hie me wheer t' wind blows a blessin',—
 Wheer t' falcon finds room for id wings,—
 Wheer sin loyses t' trail of id victims ;
 An' conscience o t' pain of id stings !
 Aw'll tek no advice but Dame Natur's ;
 An' aw'll tek no moore p'isons nor pills,
 For aw's mate wi' Good Health on mi journey,—
 Aw con find him, aw know, among th' hills !

I' BONNY JUNE.

When aw wer a lad aw went swingin' deawn t' loyne,
 Kearless, an' fearless, an' cleawdless as t' day ;
 As rich as a king if aw'd never a coin—
 I' them owd days o' June, far away !
 A butterflee chase, on a stretch o' green sod—
 Careerin', ne'er fearin', beawt cap, or beawt shoon ;
 Wi' a layrock o'erheyd singin' t' praises o' God,
 An' mi heart singin' t' praises o' June !

When aw wer a youth aw went shyly throo t' gap,
 Blinkin', an' thinkin' o't' milkmaids an' t' kine ;
 Wi' mi' heart at deep rest if aw geet but a wap
 O' them een as oft witched these o' mine.
 Aw'd tribute to pay, but mi taxes were sweet—
 Rooases, an' pooasies—o't' best 'at wer groon ;

An' aw walk'd upo' air when aw walk'd o' mi feet
I' them owd bonny days o' breet June !

When aw wer a mon aw geet elbowed i'th' street—
Aw'd to rush, mon, an' push mon, to pike mi way
throo ;
Mi paradise faded, an' vanished fro' t' seet,
An' mi layrock no longer i'th' blue :
Booath woodbine an' lailac bloomed distant i'th' haze ;
But a screen o'er mi queen kept my heart eawt o' tune ;
An' sobs coom wi' th' echoes o' th' owd merry days,
When life seem'd a long sunny June !

But neaw, when aw'm owd, an' mi toppin's grown grey,
When fratchin', an' watchin' t' breet visions o' youth,
Aw've a fairy-like view o' them childer at play—
Aw've a leof eawt o' t' torn book o' truth !
When t' rings o' mi 'bacco smook circle i' th' air—
When they're hid, like mi brid, into t' blue up aboon,
Mi thowts follow after 'em, free fro' despair,
An aw live once ageon i' breet June !

OWD DAN.

Ther's a mon 'at aw allus shake hands wi',
For id suits me to see his owd face ;
An it's theer wheer he carries his passpoort,
For his smile brings no lurkin' disgrace.

His ways are but simple an' hooamly ;
He belongs to no pedigreed clan,
But ther's creawds 'at ud change ther heigh places
To be as content as owd Dan !

Aw've known him throo t' mooast o' mi lifetime,
An' he's t' gradliest mon 'at aw've known ;
If he's changed a bit, surely an' certain,
He's kinder as owder he's grown ;
To do a good turn for his nebbor
He's allus some sooaart of a plan,
For, if fooak be o'erweighted wi' sorrow,
They tek part o' t' looad to owd Dan !

Every child, booath i' t' street an' i' t' werkheawse,
Mentions Dan when it's saying' id pray'rs,
For he teks 'em to breet, bonny places,
An' to th' circus, an' concerts, an' fairs !
He teks 'em to th' heart o' t' green country,
Ther poor wizened faces to tan,
An' aw think it's no wonder they love him,
An' co him owd wonderful Dan !

He's a heart brimmin' o'er wi' compassion,
An' he cuddn'd weel sleep in his bed,
If he knew o' one child 'at wer hungry,
Till thad waif wer booath pitied an' fed.

He'd shelter a dog if 't wer needed,
Or give a starved donkey some bran,
But he never tells t' bellmon abeawt id,
For t' bellmon's to' noisy for Dan !

Dan knows 'at this life hes id limits,
An' we's soon hev eawr checks to tek in,
So he werks a full day whol he's able,
Beawt mekkin' so mich of a din.
Ther's lots o' fine fooak reawnd abeawt him,
'At may deawt if ther records 'll stan' ;
But aw'm sure as thad deed-bookin' angel
Will write deawn "Weel done" for owd Dan !

IF AW'D MI WAY.

If aw'd mi way aw'd live to smile,
An' teych o t' childer heaw to sing ;
Aw'd shorten every weary mile,
An' stop fooak's aimless wanderin' ;
Aw'd stop o needless, cruel war,
An' common sense should hev id sway ;
Heaven's gates should allus be ajar,
If aw'd my way !

Aw'd find a way to leeten toil—
 When fooak wer tired aw'd let 'em rest ;
 Aw'd mek id useless brunnin' oil
 For grabbin' greed, or evil's quest ;
 For every prodigal's return
 Aw'd grant a gleeful halliday,
 An' ne'er a soul should feel forlorn,
 If aw'd mi way !

Aw'd find a way to mek fooak glad—
 Aw'd never let 'em live at o
 I' grimy alleys, dark an' sad,
 Wheer vines an' fig trees never grow !
 Aw'd place fooak under leet, blue skies,
 Wi' new-born joys for every day,
 An' earth would be a paradise,
 If aw'd mi way !

Aw'd let fooak keep to t' laws o' health,
 Checkin' t' world's prudish foul abuse,
 An 'give 'em, beawt oather stint or stealth,
 A reet to bathe i' mornin's dews :
 They o should learn this earth wer fair,
 If each refused the devil's pay,
 An' everyone should hev a share,
 If aw'd mi way !

If aw'd mi way ther'd need no race
 For filthy lucre's hollow prize,

For nowt should hev a honoured place,
 Except wod med fooak good an' wise :
 Owd age 'ud need no pensions then,
 I' t' gowden time o' t' world's fairplay ;
 For age should furnish t' rulin' men,
 If aw'd mi way !

IT'S ALLUS SUNNY SOMEWHEER.

I' th' owd days o' happy childhood,
 When aw took mi fost degree,
 Aw'd mi special times for learnin',
 Peeark'd beside mi mother's knee ;
 An' hoo allus stuck to t' lesson,
 Whether t' day wer weet or fine :
 "Lad, it's allus sunny somewheer,
 If we could but see id shine!"

We may think this world is gloomy,
 Full o' trouble, little else,
 When, God's truth, it's nobbut o'ercast
 Wi' a veil we've med eawrsels !
 If we'd sense to look for t' breetness,
 Know heaw fruitless 'tis to pine,
 We should know it's sunny somewheer,
 Ay, an happen see id shine.

When we're deawn below i' t' valley,
Shadowed reawnd bi rugged hills,
We should climb fro' selfish folly,
Eawt o' fogs an' other ills ;
Up an' up, on t' top o' t' meawntain,
T' panorama's allus fine ;
An' it's allus sunny somewheer,
If we con but see id shine.

Eawt o' every flood o' sunshine,
Eawt o' t' free health-givin' winds,
We could save a bit an' store id,
If we'd nobbut grateful minds ;
Id 'ud help to keep us cheerful,
Turn eawr bitter draughts to wine,
If we knew 'twere sunny somewheer,
An' we could but see id shine.

So, i' t' darkest days o' winter,
Keep yo'r spirits up to t' mark,
An' be sure, if t' sun's but hidin',
Id 'll nod be allus dark ;
Ther'll be glorious rings o' gildin',
Booath for me, an' thee, an' thine,
For it's allus shinin' somewheer,
If we could but see id shine.

AW'M GROWIN' OWD.

For sixty yers aw've hed mi' sling,
 An' tramped on t' sunny side o' life,—
 Looked up at t' blue, an' learnt to sing,
 An' heaw to live wi' little strife ;
 Mi heart's bin warm wi' love an' joy,
 Mi spirit free, an' weel endowed,
 But neaw mi blessin's seem to cloy—
 Aw'm growin' owd !

Aw still walk hand i' hand wi' t' days,
 An' link mi arm wi' owd-time mates,
 Throo sylvan nooks an' pleasant ways,
 To moorland heights an' trystin' gates ;
 An' t' gilded noons are just as breet
 As when they led to sunset's gowd,
 But t' gloamin' lingers long to-neet—
 Aw'm growin' owd !

As here aw sit, strange musin's mar
 Th' owd sweet an' treasured melodies ;
 Strange moanin's come fro' near an' far,
 Mixed up wi' t' wails o' shiverin' trees !
 Mi lost youth's voice is lulled to rest,
 Mi passion's embers charred an' cowd,
 An'—well, confession's happen t' best--
 Aw'm growin' owd !

Id nobbut looks but yesterday,
 Aw built mi' castles heigh an' fine ;
 Yet castles crumble to decay,
 As dregs embitter t' sweetest wine ;
 Aw dreamt mi ships 'ud land at last,
 Wi' ensigns free, an' prows so bowd,
 But whol they're ploughin' tracks so vast,
 Aw'm growin' owd !

Some pile aw've built may cheot decay,
 Some ship may sail an' weather t' gale ;
 Sunset may leod to breeter day ;
 Lost youth come back wi' th' holy grail !
 So, smile or fret, aw'll trudge mi gate,
 Till t' tale o' life's bin gradely towd,
 Knowin' ther's never long to wait,
 When growin' owd !

GI'E ME A FROLIC.

Gi'e me but a frolic to leaven mi life,
 An' aw'll snap mi best fingers at care ;
 Aw'll tek up mi burthen wod ills may be rife,
 Whether t' weather be stormy or fair.
 For this life wer ne'er meant
 To be gruesome an' sad,

But to live id, an' give id
A chance to be glad ;
To be robbed of id frolics
Life's sure to be bad,
So a gradely owd frolic for me !

Wod's riches, when dug for, when t' laugh flies away ?

Wod's blessin's, wi' th' heart deawn i' t' shoon ?
Wod's use o' good een, if ther's tears every day,

Or a fiddle at's never i' tune ?

A frolic sweeps t' cobwebs
Away fro one's brain,
An' ther's sunshine i' th' heart,
An' for t' soul ther's a gain ;
Id leetens dark days,
An' id banishes pain,
So a jolly good frolic for me !

We root among th' things we've no business to touch,

Jiltin' t' joys 'at are scattered abeawt ;
Or we jog into t' ruts, splishin'-splashin' i' t' slutch,
To' gaumless to find a way eawt.

We stop t' sun fro' shinin',
Yet pray for moore leet ;
We pray for moore freedom,
Wi' self-shackled feet,
When a frolic 'ud shape things
An' mek 'em o reet,
So an owd-fashioned frolic for me !

Wod a world id 'ud be if we jingled eawr bells,
 Merry Andrews, a day, neaw an' then !
 We shouldn'd need masks if we threw off eawrsels—
 We should just appear sensible men !
 For a frolic brings t' best eawt—
 Brings t' truth eawt an' song ;
 A frolic brings t' reet eawt,
 An' stamps eawt o wrong ;
 An' a frolic brings t' days eawt,
 When mirth tarries long,
 So, heigho, lads, a frolic for me !

SING AT YO'R WERK.

It's one o' t' best wrinkles aw've piked up i' life,
 To soothe things an' smooth things, an' clear away
 strife—

Wodever mi toil be, wodever mi wage—
 It's to sing at mi werk, an' to smile at owd age.

An' this is mi argyment :—Wod's t' use o' grief,
 If t' past, deod an' done for, brings nobry relief ?
 We're mouldin' eawr futur' bi t' present day's gauge ;
 So sing at yo'r werk, if yo'd smile at owd age.

I' t' best o' worlds known, wod's t' use lookin' glum,
 Or to send invitations for troubles to come ?

Fooak connod werk weel, or live long in a rage,
So sing at yo'r werk, if yo'd smile at owd age.

Ther's a song for a weyver, an' t' mon wieldin' t' pen;
For hard-werkin women, an' o sooarts o' men ;
For th' hedger an' ditcher, an t' mummer on' t stage,
If they sing at ther werk they con smile at owd age.

This singin teks t' breyks off, an' t' wheels freely run ;
An' smiles leeten t' labbor when t' music's begun,
An' ther's allus good records on life's written page,
When yo' sing at yo'r werk, an' yo' smile at owd age.

LOVE RULES.

I' every walk we plant eawr feet,
This maxim's allus plain to t' seet—
It's written big, an' written breet—
“ Love rules ! ”

Heawever seawr or crabbd' we be,
Heawever mich we disagree,
It's th' only true reality—
Love rules !

Bi lone firesides on every hand ;
On watch-teawers, wheer true patriots stand,

For t' sake o' dear owd Motherland,
Love rules !

When hurricane, o'er angry tides,
Brings wreck an' ruin, love abides—
O'er t' seethin' storm wheer t' lifebooot rides,
Love rules !

Throo every Spring love howds her sway ;
Throo every Summer love leods t' way ;
Throo harvest moons an' t' shortest day,
Love rules !

Ther's nod a blade o' grass 'at grows ;
Ther's nod a drop o' rain 'at fo's,
But wod's just reet, an' just because
Love rules !

Tired mothers tentin' looaves i' th' oon ;
Tired faythers fettlin' clogs an' shoon
For t' childers' sake, an' His aboon,
Love rules !

Ther is no 'plaint o' loysin' rest ;
If t' childer sleep, an' th' angel guest
But spreyd id wings, protectin' t' nest,
Love rules !

THE LAND O' SAINT GEORGE.

It's favoured o' natur'—
Weel moated wi' wayter ;
A gradely fost-rater,
Wi' t' pen, sword, an' forge ;
Owd age never checks id ;
Success never wrecks id ;
Ther's nowt med con vex id,
This land o' Saint George.

It's a land o' hard workers ;
A hard land for shirkers ;
For hypocrites, smirkers,
Id raises id gorge ;
It's a land o' reliance,
But nod o' defiance ;
Defence is the science
For t' land o' Saint George.

It's a land of breet past days,
O' feasts an' o' fast days,
An' far fro' id last days,
Come dragon, come scourge ;
It's a rare hooam for freemen,
For shoremen and lea men,
An' t' best, bravest seamen,
Is t' land o' Saint George.

Wi' sea-foam for pillows,
For world-rovin' fellows,
This land among t' billows,
Wheer tyrants disgorge,
Is a prime land, yet hoary,
Wi' a theawsan' yer's story,
An' it's brimful o' glory,
Is t' land o' Saint George.

TH' OWD HEAWSEHOWD GODS.

Aw dreamt last neet o' th' heawsehowd gods,
'Neath t' peaceful owd roof-tree,
When, laddish, aw'd mi heart at hooam,
An' t' world ne'er troubled me ;
Th' owd neetfo shadows danced on t' wo's,
As th' owd cased clock ticked on,
Till, roused bi' t' chimes, mi dreom dissolves,
An' th' heawsehowd gods are gone.

Rare Scriptur' picturs blinked an' shone
Like treasures, side bi side ;
Thad "Flight to Egypt" seemed to me
A weary, long, long ride :
Th' owd weather gauge wer truer far,
Than t' prophets are to-day ;

Aw recollect id stood " Set Fair,"
When th' hooam brids flushed away.

Th' owd oaken kist, wi' panels carved,
Reflected t' fire's soft glow ;
An' t' warmin' pon kept sendin' back
T' glad leet o' long ago !
Th' owd dryin' iron, an' deetin' brush ;
An' t' flint-lock claimed a look,
Wi' t' snuftin' tongs an' tinder-box,
O'er t' bak'-stooan up i' th' nook.

Th' owd corner cupboard showed a glimpse
O' cheony fit for kings ;
Wi' tankards, goblets, lovin' cups,
An' wassail bowls an' things ;
Th' owd dulcimer hung upo' th' hook,
Like t' fiddle, mute an' slack,
For nobry claimed t' snug ingle nook,
As t' years coom rollin' back !

One never knows till things ged lost,
Heaw dear they are to th' heart ;
Nor wod neglected love hes cost,
Till time brings t' void an' t' smart :
Aw sometimes think if 'twern'd a sin,
Aw couldn'd dee to' soon,
If aw could find eawr heawsehowd gods,
I' th' mansions up aboon !

A GRAND TIME O' TH' YER.

It's a grand time o' th' yer to be eawt in,
When t' sickles are twithin' at t' corn ;
When t' berries hang crimson i' clusters,
On dog-rooase, an' wicken', an' thorn ;
It's a seoson when plenty comes smilin',
Wi' a lapful o' gifts up an' deawn ;
An' a mixin' o' Natur's rare colours,
They never con match in a teawn.

It's a grand time o' th' yer to be eawt in,
When orchard trees bring back th' owd days.
Wi' eawr swings among th' ruddy, red cheeked uns;
An' eawr frolics i' th' owd rustic ways ;
No gate ever looks hawf as bonny
As t' rooad into fruit's paradise ;
No sheen ever looks hawf as sunny
As t' leet 'at theer filters fro' t' skies.

It's a grand time o' th' yer to be eawt in,
At leost, aw con answer for one—
When aw ramble i' th' hide-an'-seek shadows,
An' t' purple as t' moorland puts on ;
When aw climb to wheer breezes an' zephyrs
Are cradled i' music's domain,
Aw feel at aw'm facin' mi Mekker,
For He's theer booath i' sunshine an' rain,

It's a grand time o' th' yer to be eawt in,
When t' woods are o' changin' to breawn,
For ther's messages then e'en fro' angels,
When rainbows o' leaves flutter deawn ;
No matter wheerever we wander,
Bi copse, or bi brook, or bi dell,
It's a grand time o' th' yer to be eawt in
When summer is singin' farewell.

OWD SIMON.

Owd Simon at Windy Gap loved a good tune,
An' he allus wer ready to sing ;
He could fiddle, or diddle, or play a bassoon,
As weel as t' best mon they could bring.
If things went contrary, he soon set 'em reet ;
For it's weel known as troubles 'll fly eawt o' th' seet,
If yo' tune up an' sing, oather mornin' or neet,
Or kick up yo'r heels in a fling !

Owd Simon kept time on his troddles wi' t' song,
An' his pickin'-stick mark'd every bar ;
His slay kept his cadences soft or else strong,
As his song wer on love, or on war ;
When his heydin' mark coom, id wer chorus-time then,
An' he'd sing till he wakken'd o' th' echoes i' th' glen ;

Then he'd fotch his bassoon, an' he'd blow a "Amen,"
 Then caper his feet like a tar !

Owd Simon hed fratchins on o' sooarts o' fooak—
 On Wellington, Nelson, an' Drake—
 On trim feightin' ships med o' British owd ooak,
 'At battled for England's own sake !
 He'd ballads on Love, an' on farmsteads an' kine ;
 He'd owd-fashioned staves on booath garlands an' wine—
 On Philomel, Luna, an' t' Muses divine ;
 An' he'd one abeawt beef an' oatcake !

He'd a song abeawt th' islands i' t' Seawth, far away—
 Abeawt pirates an' caves full o' gowd—
 Abeawt pooachers, transpoarted to lone Bot'ny Bay,
 An' lads into slavery sowd.
 He'd a song for a bride, or a child newly-born,
 An' one for t' love-smitten, forsaken, forlorn—
 For Kesmas, for Fair-time, or bonny May morn,
 An' a grand un on Hollyock Fowd.

He'd sing abeawt th' owd stockin'-darner—his wife,
 An' co' her a goddess an' queen
 (Hoo wer nowt but a vixen, an' t' plague of his life,
 Varra plain, wi' a cast in her een) ;
 He trilled eawt her praises like gay trobadour—
 Heaw her blue een could witch, mesmerise an' allure—
 Heaw hoo tript (hoo wer reawnd as a barrel, aw'm sure)
 Like a fay, or a fairy, o'er t' green.

But Nan catcht him laughin', one day, when he sung,
An' hoo werk'd eawt a bit of a plan :
Hoo'd use a mop steyl, if hoo lived to ged hung—
That song, an' that singer, hoo'd ban !
But Simon felt t' siege, an' he soon learnt a way,
When his topping felt t' weight o' t' bombardment
one day—
If he wanted an heawr or two's frolic or play,
He'd to do nowt but sing abeawt Nan !

THINGS O COME REET I' TH' END.

Aw used to chafe an' fret mi soul,
To see t' world's werk gi'en eawt,
An find one ged a tip-top wage,
An' one left welly beawt ;
But neaw aw learn philosophy,
Whene'er mi back aw bend,
An aw know if things are eawt o' sooarts,
They'll o come reet i' th' end.

Aw've lived to see men meawntin' up
Tall ladders o' success,
An' known 'em oft come clutterin' deawn,
Unfit for t' strife an' stress ;

It's plain to me, sich fooak as these
 Ther ill luck should defend,
 For id helps to teych 'em this grand truth :
 Things o come reet i' th' end.

If wod we do be reet an' fair,
 We connod do to' mich ;
 An' we connod lessen th' hardest task
 Throo envyin' t' wise or t' rich ;
 But we con surely keep good cheer,
 An' try t' world's lot to mend,
 Cock-sure o' this, when judgment's near :
 Things o come reet i' th' end.

It's hard to bide sometimes, aw know,
 To watch t' world's strange decrees :
 Mekkin' one build a orchard wo,
 An' givin' one t' fruit an' t' trees !
 But fruit an' fleawers on sun an' sheawers,
 An' God aboon depend,
 An' if t' builder's pay be poor to-day,
 Id'll o come reet i' th' end.

So rest content, nor fume, nor fret,
 For wod to thee seems ban
 May turn into a blessin' yet,
 When Time unfowds his plan :
 Be sure as t' Peawer 'at orders thorns
 Con t' bonniest roses send ;

An' rooases or thorns, new shoon or corns—
 Things o come reet i' th' end.

HOOAM'S BEST.

Hooam ageon, wi' mi trailin' feet,
 Fro' t' wayter side, an' id surgin' street ;
 Hooam once moore bi mi oon's own side,
 I' t' spot aw love, an' con long abide ;
 Away fro' convention's gawdy show,
 Wheer ther's little to learn, an' to' mich to know ;
 Peark'd wi' mi pipe wheer aw want to be—
 Croodlin' a song wi' t' child o' mi knee—
 Hooam's best !

Hooam ageon, fro' t' creawd an' strife,
 To a kindly cheor an' a hooamly wife ;
 Wi' mi starched things doffed an' mi neck band slack,
 Aw thank the Lord 'at aw've landed back ;
 Buffeted every stride aw took,
 Con yo' blame if aw sighed for th' owd snug nook ?
 When th' heart's unrest meks t' days look dree,
 Ther's nobbut one spot as'll do for me—
 Hooam's best !

Fro' seechin' rest in a fevered reawnd,
 Aw've wandered back to a gradely greawnd,

Wheer fooak wear clooas beawt pride or air,
An' connod, for shame, to strut an' stare ;
They may sny ther nooases at t' quaint owd fowd—
They may think we're sleepy, an' stale an' owd,
But it's wheer we live, an' sleep, an' pray,
An' it's wheer aw've landed back to-day—

Hooam's best !

Here, at hooam, no storms con pelt,
An' shoon are kindly if worn to th' welt ;
Wheer coyl is piled for a rousin' fire,
An' a welcome allus for son an' sire ;
Wheer a dish o' tay of a famous brew,
Or a posset or fry, or some strengthenin' stew,
Lies handy for him 'at con drink or eyt,
And keep one up to his feightin' weight—

Hooam's best !

WASSAIL !

Here's a breet, merry Kesmas,
A full, jovial Kesmas ;
It's fost i' this cent'ry, let's wish id all hail ;
 Let cakes, ale an' posset,
 Ratch singlet an' gusset,
An' room still be left for a draught o' wassail.

Dig a grave for owd sadness,
 An' bring in young gladness ;
 But let hoary Kesmas still live an' prevail,
 For he joins at cawr losses,
 An' carries eawr crosses,
 An' he butles eawt joy as he butles wassail.

Wi' a ring o' rich laughter,
 Hang heigh on each rafter,
 Th' owd winter-green plant wi' id berries so pale—
 Thad signal for blisses,
 Thad shield for sweet kisses,
 Thad mate o' breet holly an' scented wassail.

Let carollin' singers,
 Wi' t' joy-bells an' ringers,
 Booath sing weel an' ring weel o'er valley an' dale ;
 For it's t' merriest o' mirth days
 Is t' King o' o birthdays,
 An' it's meet we should toast id i' honest wassail.

IT'S WOD WE MEK DO.

Aw once yerd mi mam give her answer reet weel,
 When they axed if her brass filled th' owd stockin' to th'
 heel;

Hoo turned reawnd quite sherply an' snapt eawt "Theaw foo ;

It's nod wod aw'm earnin', but wod aw mek do!"

Ther's some larnin' for t' wise when they ponder sich words,

For they touch lowly peasants as weel as big lords;
Depend on 't as greed connod breyk so weel throo,
Wheer little's but needed an' less is med do.

It's a curb-cheon for t' greedy, a check-rein for self;
It's a auditor perfect for cupboard an' shelf;
It's a gowden-framed maxim for vanity's schoo'—
" Why covet gay peacocks when chickens 'll do?"

One con dine o' good fish, ay, an' hev id weel fried,
Wheer t' breadcrumbs are saved, an' kept cleyn, an' weel dried ;

Theaw may sit on a ceawch, or a cheor, or a stoo',
But theaw nobbut pays t' bill just for wod theaw meks do.

Id 'ud save lots o' frettin', an' mony a wild race ;
Id 'ud keep away t' wrinkles fro' mony a nice face,
If t' truth wor but heeded, an' acted on, too—
" Fooak live among plenty 'at mek little do!"

• • • • •

P.S.—Owd Rauf o' Big Judd's, he's bin hearin' me talk—
(Rauf's gone to t' far end of his tick book an' chalk),
" Ay, ay," said th' owd toper, " I' mi own case it's true—
When aw corn'd raise a quart aw've to mek a pint do!"

FRIENDSHIP.

If ther's owt i' this world 'at con soothe mi sad spirit,
An' throw every cobweb away fro' mi soul,
It's nowt as a miser would care to inherit,
For its nowt they con 'sess me, for taxes, or toll,—
It's a mon 'at con play a nice tune on mi heartstrings—
A mon aw con talk to—unbosom, an' bend—
A mon 'at's unselfish, an' one aw con walk to,
An' tell o mi griefs to because he's mi friend !

Aw never feel poor tho mi clooas may be seedy ;
Aw never feel lonely when left bi mysel',—
For mi friend is weel tried, an' aw know if aw'm needy,
He'll give his last crust if he clams for't hissel !
An' when bi th' hob-end aw mek faces i'th' embers,
Aw know ther's no painter mi pictur's con mend,
For aw see a grand landscape o' bygone Septembers,
An' eawt o'th' gowd framewerk smiles t' face o' mi friend !

Aw envy no king for he ne'er envies me, mon,
So why should aw sigh for a king's weary task ?
If mi robe isn'd purple aw'm fain as a freemon,
To ramble o'er t' moors or i'th' sunshine to bask.
Let fooak sigh ther hearts eawt for fine gilded cages,
Aw's allus be ready an' fain to defend
A quaite, pladdin' life, far away fro' t' world's rages ;
An' a walk an' a talk wi' mi trusty owd friend.

AUTUMN.

Trees are reefin' o ther sails,
 Russet leovs come tumblin' deawn ;
 Silvery sunleet, sobs an' wails,
 Shreawds o' red, an' caps o' breawn.
 Chasing winds come, moanin' dree,
 Up fro' copse wheer bluebells grow
 Signs 'at Autumn's in id glee—
 Heigho ! Heigho !

Berries red fro' t' wild rooase breer ;
 Berries black fro' t' childers' vine ;
 Haigs fro' white May blossom here ;
 Fairy grapes fro' t' sweet woodbine,
 Clusterin', tumblin' at eawr feet,
 Reawnd abeawt wheer t' pheasants crow,
 Just as t' Robin sings good neet—
 Heigho ! Heigho !

Gurglin' brooks, grown hoarse wi' song,
 Like sleepy childer, limp to th' west,
 Wheer owd Mother Ocean, strong,
 Beckons them, an' t' sun, to rest :
 Slantin' leets o'er t' moorcock's run ;
 Shadows dark wheer t' sedges show,—
 Autumn's playtime's welly done,
 Heigho ! Heigho !

Mornin' mists, an' shortenin' days ;
Noontide glints to' breet to last,
Bring us sunimat still to praise—
Harvest waggons joggin' past.
Bearded barley ! Tubs an stills !
Fatten'd geese, an'—is thad snow ?
Winter comes o'er t' northern hills—
Heigho ! Heigho !

THREE WISHES.

Aw dreamt a dreom one winter's neet,
When t' soul wer damp wi' fog an' sleet :
Aw thowt a angel coom to me,
An' granted me o' wishes three :—
“ Say wod theaw wilt, id's come to pass—
If peace, or fame, or lots o' brass,
Aw'll book id deawn, an' sign t' decree.
Wod doesta wish or want to be ?
Aw know theaw prays for summer.”

Aw look'd at th' angel's bonny face,
So full o' majesty an' grace :
Hoo seemed to stan' on banks o' green,
Wi' glints o' sunshine in between,
An' o at once mi heart felt warmed,

An' o at once mi wish wer formed :—
 “ Well, tek thi book an' sign t' decree—
 Mi fost o' t' wishes then shall be
 For June, an' glorious summer.”

Mi wish wer granted : trees an' skies
 Wer like a dreom o' Paradise,
 An' everybody passed ther days
 Wi' mekkin' t' welkin' ring wi' praise ;
 Care slunk away as June walked in,
 Wi' rooases an' wi' jessamin ;
 An every heawr, an' every day
 Seemed like a new-born holiday,
 I' glorious June an' summer.

“ Thi second wish ?” Then th' angel said.
 “ Think weel befoor thi wish is med.”
 “ Aw'll nod be greedy, then,” aw cried,
 “ Seein' theaw looks so satisfied ;—
 Aw want no peawr or heigh reneawn,
 So bring thi book an' write id deawn ;
 Aw'llzadd to wod hes gone befoor,
 One word to mek things doubly sure ;—
 Write “ Health, an' June, an' Summer.” ”

“ Both good an' wise,” thad angel cried,
 “ Yet one wish more—wod else beside ?”
 “ Aw've one moor word,” aw said, “ to add,
 To mek me young ageon, an' glad ;

Bring eawt thi book an' sign t' decree—
This world shall yet a Eden be,
If thee an me but neaw agree,
An' t' wish an' t' verdict lies wi' me,
Write 'Love, health, June, an' Summer !'

MOLLIE.

Aw corn'd explain just why
One lass should tek mi fancy,
For isn'd Sal as spry
An' just as nice as Nancy ?
An' isn'd Liz as fair
As Nell, an' just as jolly ?
Yet nooan con hauf compare
Wi' sun-tann'd merry Mollie.

Gertie's grand an' good—
A bit to' good for freedom ;
Cis hes gentle blood—
That's why aw never heed 'em ;
Mab's a deawnreet witch,
An' so is dimpled Dollie,
But none are deawered as rich
As sun-tann'd merry Mollie.

Ailse is sweet an' coy ;
Isabel's a breet un ;
Marjory's a joy ;
Prue's a gradely reet un ;
Peggy's true as steel ;
Lily's melancholy ;
That's just why aw feel
Ther's nooan like sun-tann'd Mollie.

Patience never pines ;
Grace is never jealous ;
Dora allus shines ;
Sue hes lots o' fellows ;
Jennie's full o' fun—
Some say full o' folly ;
Sure, ther's never one
Like sun-tanned merrie Mollie.

Mollie's t' gem of o !
(Her Sunda' name is Mary),
Hoo's noather fast nor slow,
But just a laughin' fairy.
Aw may be dull or dense,
Or green as t' greenest holly,
But ne'er a one wi' sense
Could see, an' ne'er love Mollie.

TH' OWD KNOCKER-UP.

For mercies smo, or nowt at o,

Th' owd knocker-up turns eawt i' t' cowd ;
 He lets his beard an' toppin' grow ;
 He feels he's geddin' worn an' owd ;
 But still he shootherers t' whalebooan stick,
 An' follows eawt his ancient plan,
 To startle t' dozers wi' his trick—
 “ Rat-tat, rat-tat, ran-tan.”

Th' owd knocker-up's no pleasant dreoms—

He sleeps bi fits an' starts throo' t' neet,
 Then rises up to plan, an' skeom's
 Heaw he may trail throo storm or weet ;
 But weet, or sleet, he hurries on,
 Dog-trottin', he may never stan',
 For t' bells hev rung, or t' buzzer's gone—
 “ Rat-tat, rat-tat, ran-tan.”

He knocks at doors wheer new-born babs

Hev kaled him throo t' black heawrs o' dark ;
 He knocks wheer deoth stalks in an' grabs,
 Or age hes thrown fooak eawt o' wark.

He knows heaw mony raps 'll rouse

Young lusty Dick, or sleepy Nan.

He knocks 'em eawt o' t' second snooze—

“ Rat-tat, rat-tat, ran-tan.”

Three hau-pence is his standard price
 For one week's work o' knockin-up—
 For this he trails throo snow an' ice,
 To earn his bit o' bite an' sup.
 No strong trades union backs his cause ;
 No guild meks feasts for sich a clan ;
 He silence breyks, but never laws—
 “ Rat-tat, rat-tat, ran tan.”

CUPID'S DARTS.

This world 'ud soon grow stale—
 Ther'd be noather spice nor ale,
 For i' one short generation
 We should ohev leather hearts ;
 We should o be dull an' mopin',
 Throo a life beawt love, or hope in,
 If id worn'd for crafty Cupid
 Smilin' reawnd an' shootin' darts !

Ther'd be nowt but crabb'd owd age ;
 Ther'd be noather geese nor sage,
 For i' one short generation
 Fooak would loyse ther festive parts ;
 Ther'd be noather rhyme nor reoson
 Livin' throo a loveless seoson,

If thad giddy little archer
Wer a miser wi' his darts !

Wod a world ther'd be to-day,
If we med no cinder tay !
Just i' one short generation,
Exit dolls, an' drums, an' carts !
Ne'er a olive branch to bless us,
Tearin' whiskers to caress us,
If thad little god wi' t' quiver
Left off shootin' random darts !

Just imagine t' world beawt babbies
Full o' spinsters, nossin' tabbies !
Just i' one short generation,
We should suffer o these smarts,—
Scornin' matrimony's folly,
We should dee o' melancholy,
If this splendid little marks-mon
Ever lost his magic darts !

MAYTIME.

Come, doff yo'r clogs an' don yo'r shoon,
We'll hev a gradely caper,
For wintry sulks go eawt o' seet
When Sol leets up his taper ;

When Nature's throo her sore travail
 Her children need a playtime ;
So come whol t' day is born o' May,
 For play is sweet i' Maytime ;
An' th' heart is young, an' th' will is strong,
 Wi' glad an' glorious Maytime !

Come shunt yo'r cares an' look abroad,
 For t' kine's i' t' springin' clover,
An' t' butterflee's i' freedom's land,
 An' t' bee's a wanton rover ;
When t' cuckoo sheawts ther's skies o' blue,
 An' t' welkin's breet for playtime ;
So link yo'r hands as t' time commands,
 For, oh, it's glorious Maytime.
An' th' heart's at rest when t' yer's at best,
 An' t' yer's at best at Maytime.

A lute for thee, Pan's pipes for me,
 An' t' buddin branches o'er us ;
Wi' t' layrock tekkin' t' treble part,
 An' t' throstle joinin' t' chorus ;
Wi' whitethorn scentin' t' concert reawm,
 Throo festival an' playtime,
Who'd live an' miss a time like this—
 This bonny, God sent Maytime ?
Wi' t' grass so new wi' jewelled dew
 An' loves an' doves o' Maytime ?

Come eawt an' slough yo'r wintry skins,
Let th' air blow throo yo'r vitals,
For t' merest insect's chirpin' in,
Wi' t' rousin'-up recitals ;
Come forth, an' pedal deep i' th' dew,
For werk'll keep throo playtime ;
Come claim yo'r due, an' lease renew,
O' life, this healthful Maytime,
For o these days should kindle praise,
These precious days of Maytime !

OWD PETER.

Owd Peter wer a gradely mon,
As ever breathed a pray'r ;
His record stood abeawt A 1,
For wod wer reet an square ;
An' tho' he're noan a scholar, mich,
Nor blest wi' world-wide fame,
He're moore content than ony sich,
Wi' handles to ther name.

He put his picks in straight an' fair,
An' ne'er his duty shirk'd ;
No mooter fell to Peter's share,
Fro' ony sooart he werk'd ;

Th' owd putter-eawt could trust him weel,
 An' when t' brisk times wer gone,
 Peter could use his troddle heel,
 An' mek a potterin'-on.

His heyd wer full o' wise owd saws,
 'At med fooak wonder oft ;
 He'd back eawt o t' diviner laws,
 Till every heart felt soft.
 He'd simples, cordials, balsams, gums,
 For every ailment sent,
 An' fooak forgeet ther brittle thrums
 Wheerever Peter went.

He med fooaks wills, an' gave advice,
 To keep 'em eawt o' law ;
 He'd draw a tooth, an', just as nice,
 He'd draw a plan an' o ;
 An' tho' some sleighters co'd him numb,
 He allus leet 'em see,
 They med mistakes wi' t' rule o' thumb,
 But ne'er wi' t' Rule o' Three.

He'd toffy, nicknamed "Swaggerin' Dick,"
 For t' lads to race up th' hill ;
 He'd cheesecakes (kussins) rare an' thick,
 For t' wenches' sweet goodwill ;
 He'd maxims good for t' gradely poor—
 Directions wod to do—

But he never sent 'em fro his door
Beawt fillin' t' meylbags, too.

But t' other day they frilled him up,
T' fost time sin he wer wed ;
An' yesterday they hill'd him up,
I' t' churchyard's narrow bed ;
An' tho' he's doffed his weel-worn shoon,
Beawt Fashion's empty din ;
We know his namesake up aboon
Hes ta'en owd Peter in.

ALLUS DO THI BEST.

Wodsoe'er thi task be,
Gi'e thi soul fair play ;
Do thi best for conscience,
Sure theawl't ged thi pay ;
Stick to t' good owd system,—
Keep aloof fro' t' rest ;
Let thi werk be *thy* werk—
Allus do thi best.

Mek thi own heigh standard,
Let no other gauge,
Less than wod tha's fixed on,
Bribe throo fame or wage ;

If ther's grit abeawt thee,
 Never fear a test ;
 If ther's fooak to deawt thee,
 Allus do thi best.

Keep fro' fads an' mekshifts—
 Keep to t' laws o' reet ;
 Better t' werk o' t' daytime,
 Better t' rest o' t' neet ;
 Every arch i' t' buildin'
 Stans as t' builder's crest—
 Plant thi keystones firmly--
 Allus do thi best.

Put some brains i' t' chisel,
 Hammer sense i' t' nails,
 Lest thi fabrics totter
 Throo jerry-scornin' gales.
 Wodsoe'er thi task be,
 This is t' thing for zest :
 Put thi heart i' th' labour—
 Allus do thi best.

PLEASANT THOWTS.

Are yo' searchin' change o' scene,
 Strivin' to be healthy ?
 Do yo' envy minds serene,
 Wi' t' luxuries o' t' wealthy ?

If so, tek this tip fro' me,
Good as t' costliest present :
Care will never moyther thee
If thi thowts be pleasant.

Silver shines i' t' darkest cleawd,
Gloom is chased away wi' t' ;
Spring, transformin' winter's shreawd,
Spreyds a feost for dayleet ;
Every ray o' t' shinin' sun
Shines for t' shinin' present ;
Werk is allus gradely done
When one's thowts are pleasant.

Noather witch, nor spell, nor fate,
Con conspire to harm thee ;
Wodsoe'er be thy estate,
Things are sure to charm thee ;
Slander's shafts con pierce no breasts
Owned bi peer or peasant—
Everything is o for t' best
When one's thowts are pleasant.

Sheathed i' armour neet an' day,
Every joy increases ;
Tyranny con ne'er dismay,
When one's mind for peace is ;
Songs o' glee for t' days to be,
Hymns o' praise for t' present :
This is wod theawl't live to see,
If thi thowts be pleasant.

CEAWNT FIFTY.

Ther's an' owd gowden rule 'at aw learnt when a lad,
 'At 'll do for o ages an' stations ;
 Id'll werk like a cherm when yo' feel yo'rsels bad,
 When yo' think ther's nowt good among t' nations ;
 An' it's this : If yo'r temper feels natly an' queer,
 Or yo' feel a bit ruffled or tiffy,
 Tek a bit o' advice, id'll answer, aw'll swear—
 Wesh yo'r face, tek a walk, an' ceawnt fifty !

If yo' feel 'at yo'r brain's beawn to brast, or run soft,
 An' yo've nowt mich to live for but gruntin',
 Yo've a long way to climb if yo'r mark's up aloft,
 An yo'll nobbut be slow i' yo'r shuntin';
 Wod yo' want is a good breezy rub, an' a shove,
 Till yo' wakken up shapely, and shifty,
 Wi' somebry to whisper this bit o' God's love—
 Wesh thi face, tek a walk, an' ceawnt fifty !

If yo'r beawn to lick t' wife, or to flit fro' her tongue,
 Or to run a concern 'at'll swamp yo' ;
 If yo'r own hasty judgments oft prove to be wrong,
 An' opinions fro' others but cramp yo',
 Stert an' think for yo'rsel's—turn yo'r subject abeawt,
 Like a body should do 'at is thrifty ;
 An' then, if yo' still feel a bit of a deawt,
 Wesh yo'r face, tek a walk, an' ceawnt fifty !

Ther may be odd cases wheer t' blood runs to t' top,
'At'll want stronger physic to cure 'em'
But it's quite a mistake to think t' world's beawn to stop
Throo this, tho' it's herd to endure 'em,
Aw've one plan for these 'at'll lick o yo'r talk—
'At'll cure every case in a sniffy—
They should keep ther heyds bare when they're eawt for
a walk,
An' practice a month ceawntin' fifty !

HOOAM AGEON.

They may long as they like for ther eawtlandish places,
An' roam far afield till they're weary an' sooir ;
They may use words o' scorn for th' owd picturs an' faces,
But ther's nowt like owd friends if yo' want to feel sure.

It's true, one may feel a bit humpish an' nettled ;
It's true, too, we sicken at t' sameness o' days ;
But ther's allus a charm wheer a mon's lived an' battled,
An' he's allus at hooam among hooamly owd ways.

Aw've roamed miles an' miles, oft allured wi' some syren ;
Aw've stretched eawt mi hands to some mirage i' t' waste ;
Aw've tracked Will-o'-Wisps till ambition, expirin',
Hes taunted mi soul for id marlockin' haste.

But aw'm hooam once ageon, an' aw'm fain an' contented;

Aw'm at th' end o' mi tether, an' gipsyin' spell;—
If aw've sinned i' mi rovin', aw've lived an' repented;
Aw'm as reet as a clock, for aw feel like mysel'.

They may set up a shrine in a far-away Mecca,

An' think thersels pilgrims o'er land an' o'er tide;
But ther's nowt like a rest, wi' a pipe an' some bacca,
In a cheor at' th' hob-end, bi one's own fireside.

A LANCASHIRE MON.

Aw wer bred among th' hills, but aw'm Lanky,

Ther's no hauf an' hauf abeawt me;

It's deawn i' mi gronny's owd Bible—

Booath sides of a long pedigree;

Aw've no need to simper an' sidle,

Nor finnicky airs to put on;

Aw belong to th' owd Palatine Ceawnty—

Aw'm a streytforrad, Lancashire mon!

Aw con croodle a tune they wer singin'

When watchfires were blazin' on th' hills,
When t' Ceawnty men buckled ther belts on,
An' dames wore ther curls an' ther frills;

Aw've a kistful o' heirlooms i' th' kitchen ;
An' aw've pluses o' o maks to don ;
Aw'm conceited to think 'at aw'm English,
But aw'm preawd aw'm a Lancashire mon !

Aw've a bak'-stooane, a brack-breyd, an' thible ;
Aw've a breydflake for oatcakes an' o ;
Ther's mi deetin' brush, too, an' mi drier,
An' a warmin' pon hung upo' th' wo ;
Ther's mi loom-stocks an' o, up i' th' corner,
As aw'll keep till aw dee, if aw con,
For they're nicer than t' new-fangled fashion,
To an owd-fashioned, Lancashire mon !

We play nooan if owt's to be mended :
We're i' th' vanguard if owt's to be won ;
We parcel o t' werk eawt for t' nations,
Ere t' world wakkens up to wod's done.
There may be a shire 'at is broader,
But ther's nobbut one Ceawnty—just one,
'At t' King is a Duke on—that's Lanky,
An' ther's nowt licks a Lancashire mon !

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